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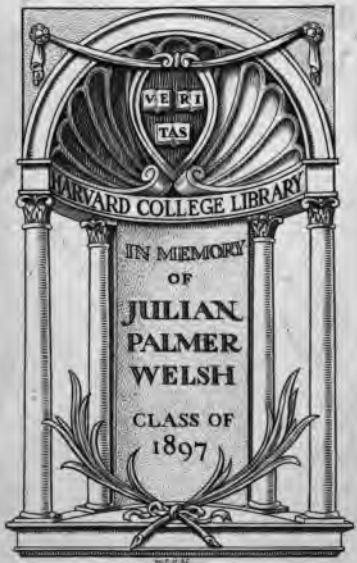

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THE

MOUNT OF OLIVES

AND PRIMITIVE HOLINESS SET FORTH IN THE LIFE OF PAULINUS BISHOP OF NOLA. BY HENRY VAUGHAN, SILURIST

EDITED BY L. I. GUINEY

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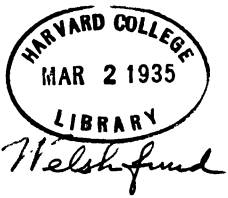

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To
Isabel Southall
a Christian
a Poet
a Silurian
and a
lover of Henry Vaughan.

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THE EDITOR'S PREFACE

THE two brief devotional treatises contained in this volume are both new and old. They comprise all the published prose, excluding several masterly translations—all the original prose, that is—of a writer of long ago, who has now won inevitably, but very late, his secure place among English poets. Born a twin, near Brecon in southern Wales (Siluria), April 17, 1621, and becoming an Oxonian who 'stayed not at Oxford to take any degree[1],' Henry Vaughan was unlike the contemporary lyrists whom he loved, and at first kept step with: for he was in all a man of letters, a recluse scholar, and a patrician with a formed philosophy. He bore his loyal part in the Civil Wars. They cost him his promised career at the London Bar, and brought him severe grief, and severe loss; but his proud sincerity, and, with a far more potent operation, his intense religiousness, early taught him content under the conditions of a changed and circumscribed lot: that of a home-keeper, a Welsh country physician.

[1] From an unpublished letter of Vaughan to Aubrey, dated June 15, 1673. The editor, in conjunction with Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan of Brecon, hopes to print six letters, with many fresh documents of biographical interest, in a forthcoming edition of Vaughan's Poems to be issued by the University Press.

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There among his majestic native hills Vaughan had at least, to keep his poet's soul alive, a full measure of natural beauty, and the glorious Usk for a daily regeneration. Indoors it seems plain that he had domestic happiness, and a library. He lacked altogether those good exterior encouragements, wealth and fame; instead he had to accept what in these isles has so often meant a spur, rather than a curb, to literary effort: 'a peevish inconstant state of health.' The affliction so characterized in his own words was usual with him, and under its shadow most of his happy labours were done.

His sole asylum, since he was thus cut off from the reconstructing Commonwealth which he abhorred, was in the interior life. How rich this was with him, how subtly individual, each of his tractates shows, almost as well as those six-winged seraphic numbers which liegemen of our elder singers know by heart. In 1652, when our author was thirty years old, with his young ambitions quelled and his restless heart quieting, he put forth through William Leake, at the Crown in Fleet Street, his earliest volume in prose: *The Mount of Olives*. The Epistle Dedicatory bears the date of October 1, 1651. He had just previously given earnest of the moral impulse which had come over him by the production of the beautiful first part of *Silex*

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Scintillans. By 1653 he had ready the dedication of a second composite little book, *Flores Solitudinis*, which within the year was to be sent out to an indifferent hedonist world by that princely publisher and faithful friend, Humphrey Moseley. And almost instantly followed the second part of *Silex*, written, like the others, at 'Newton by Uske, near Skethrock.' The four tiny octavos thus had a common source in that five years' glow of religious fervour, during which Vaughan accomplished all his highest and most consistent work, sitting voluntarily under the shadow of George Herbert, as under his own vine and fig-tree, always 'having visions of incomprehensibles,' and finding words to utter them, in ways unknown to Herbert in his saintliest dream.

The Mount of Olives, as well as *Flores Solitudinis* (which contains the Life of S. Paulinus of Nola), was affectionately inscribed to Sir Charles Egerton, Kt., of Newborough, Staffordshire, and of Markinfield, Yorkshire, the maternal uncle of Vaughan's young wife, Catherine Wise, who hovers, like an exquisite apparition, behind many of his most tender and most reticent verses. Between the dates of these books, 1651–2 and 1654, she, who was to her husband as Therasia to Paulinus, must have died. Henry Vaughan was to publish there-

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after, or allow to be published, but one more translation, and one more collection of poems, now as rare as any known to the bibliophile. During the rest of his long disinterested life, he quietly followed his profession, winning loving repute in 'the great, indeed, the only practice in those parts,' as his kinsman John Aubrey says of him. On April 23, 1695, he passed from his ancient roof-tree, bound gladly, like a venerated mystic of our own day, *ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem.*

The Mount of Olives consists exclusively of private prayers and meditations gathered under that gracious and suggestive title. They 'sing high and aloof,' they are no 'pleasers of men,' and their meek beauty can appeal only to souls made wise in humility, the one virtue which is always wholly supernatural. Yet make their designed impression they cannot; for apart from a consecrating general purport, they are not without a grievous blemish. Never did the personal, the temporal, the local, so bespatter an ascetic page. To understand the contradiction, it is perhaps enough to say that Henry Vaughan was human. A suffering High Churchman, he had seen both the Archbishop and the King, the white sea-marks of his stormy world, swept away; he had seen the complete triumph of popularism, and the sharp impact of things

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novel and unwelcome making itself felt, every hour of every day, in his sacred Breconshire. There, more flagrantly than in most places, the new system was worked by loud fanatics and timid time-servers. Vaughan's own parish of Llansantffread, from the living of which his brother had been ejected, the next parish of Llanhamlach, and the neighbouring one of Cantreff, in both of which he had dear friends, and even the cure of Brecon itself, 'though this latter was the shire town and had at least three thousand souls in it,' as Walker says, lay vacant 'with no Word preached,' between eight and nine years, from 1647 to 1655–6. The spoliation of other churches was complete. The ordained pastors were exiled or silenced; comeliness in ritual, traditional decencies, went to the winds; and the old revenues served to maintain a sudden apostolate of uncouth tradesmen, who in pulpits, at such intervals as suited them, lifted up their fat lay voices, one fresh from a cobbler's bench, another from a salmon-stall. 'The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed.' It was very bitter to a vassal of Charles, a child of Laud, whose innate protest and prejudice against 'this age' blent inevitably with the outpourings of genuine devotion. To him, of course, nothing political stood apart from the woe or weal of the Church

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of England. There are passages in *The Mount of Olives*, and in *Paulinus* too, which are quite rabidly contemporaneous. Like Job, the heart-sick master of Newton is drawn to contemplate them that flourish while he decays, and 'the candle of the wicked' vexes his eyesight. Had there not been left over in his chastened bosom some leaven of hot Royalist scorn, he could hardly have brought himself to print, with the angelic contexts, a full marginal comment on the Protectorate. Forgetting the Socratic caution, he does his beating while he is angry. It is to be feared that certain pronouncements, however oblique, rather destroy the effect which he hoped to make upon any 'peaceful, humble, and pious reader' not born into that century of strong opinions. To-day, one can but be disturbed with extraneous echoes here, with stains of old trouble, which really have no place either in ethics or in art, inasmuch as they are not eternal. The treatises are like a soft cloister-garden; the gritty innuendoes, a succession of little sand-storms encountering one among the roses. Yet the flaw in Henry Vaughan's amateur liturgy makes us love him: not every idealist is so sensitive to the world-current, so truly a man of his time. We see out of what wild stuff this tender Christian was made; how almost intolerable he found his

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lonely road; how valiantly he learned to endure, and for what motive.

Of deeper literary value than *The Mount of Olives* proper is *Man in Darkness*, the essay appended to it: an original composition likewise. It has touches of what to our sophisticated sense seems the crude or the trite; but for all that it is worthy, in spirit, of Lancelot Andrewes, and in style, of Jeremy Taylor. Here Vaughan's antique habits of mind (for he was more a Roman than a Carolian) come into unimpeded play: the compression, the pungency, the vivacity, the unexpectedness, the muffled music of his phrasing, make admirable accord; and the whole is hung with a solemnity of mood and feeling, as if with dossals of purple damask and wrought silver. There are few homilies in our language on that major theme of *Sic transit* (dear to the finer spirits who had seen the crucial 'warres') which can compare with it either in craftsmanship or in quality. It was intended as a prelude or companion-piece to a translation from S. Anselm of Canterbury; in the edition of 1652 this translation, *Man in Glory*, follows it, though it is not given here, in a book devoted to Vaughan's original work.

Primitive Holiness, or the Life of S. Paulinus, has an exquisite shortcoming: there is not enough

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of it. It is still, outside the general hagiographies, the only Life in English of that Bishop of Nola in Campania who has found, in modern days, his enthusiastic editors and annalists among French and Italian scholars. If the average reader know his name at all, it is only as that of the inventor of the uses of Church-bells: the Nolae and Campanae which Vaughan does not trouble himself to mention. The Silurist was no stranger to patristic studies, and his attraction to S. Paulinus is easily accounted for by the ample and fragrant mention given the latter by almost all his great contemporaries, and by his own character, profoundly humble and steadfast, simple and gay. His circumstances, those of a convert, an exile, and a renouncer of self, had a sympathetic look to a fellow Christian whose cult for him imitated somewhat his own cult for S. Felix. Paulinus too, had a genius for friendship, as for writing and the fine arts: and in no man not a Saint was the love of comrades, founded on divine Charity, warmer than in Henry Vaughan. In becoming a biographer, he chose a subject of which he was full, and into which he put his heart, as every line of the shadowy portrait shows. Relying upon such authorities as may have been under his own hand at home, Vaughan has erred but at one considerable point of his narration.
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Despite S. Gregory the Great, it is at best exceedingly doubtful whether Meropius Pontius Anicius Paulinus was one with the Paulinus of the same See, who, forestalling S. Vincent Ferrer in that heroic folly of the Cross, supplanted another man, and went into willing captivity among the Vandals. All later Paulinians agree that there exists a chronological discrepancy to spoil this tale of princes and 'sallets,' in which Vaughan took evident delight. Again (and this omission was perhaps only natural in an epoch which had begun to announce the publication of extracts, 'purified,' from the Fathers!) he chose not to incorporate the complete legend of those married exemplars, SS. Therasia and Paulinus, which might have proved somewhat disturbing to an expurgating Anglican world. They, indeed, in Spain, as soon as their young child died, and a good while before the ordination of S. Paulinus, gave up, for the evangelical ideal, not only their worldly goods, but their unworldly wedlock. Vaughan doubtless must have had, in whatever folio lay before him, the testimony of Idacius: 'Paulinus . . . cui Therasia, de conjuge facta soror, testimonio vitae beatae aequatur et merito;' or that of Chiffletius, even more beautifully worded: 'Paulinus et Therasia, prius uxor et maritus, deinde soror et frater, cor unum et anima una.'

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But from Ozanam and Ampère, from Villemain and Lagrange, from Cardinal Capecelatro and the Abbé Souiry, all of whom lean upon ancient authority, we get the touching testimony that these twin ascetics, following the religious precedent of their pre-conventual day, never separated. Paulinus became a priest, a monk, a hermit, a Bishop, with his holy widow and helpmate always at his side. As the anecdote of the loaf and the ship's cargo shows, they held their poor daily stores in common, until the death of S. Therasia at Nola, which Idacius places at about the year 426 A.D. For one reason or another, there is nothing of this significant action on the part of his biographical subjects in the pages of Henry Vaughan. Surely, he was aware that clerical celibacy was canonical in S. Ambrose's time; surely, he was not afraid of any 'hard saying'; but he must have felt just at that moment (a very Protestant moment for England) the difficulty of stating in a brief memoir, and without a special historical disquisition, so obsolete, so sacerdotal, and so 'Primitive' a thing. Therefore he silently passed it over.

The matter contained in the present volume has been reprinted but once during the two hundred and fifty years. Both *The Mount of Olives* and *Paulinus*

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appeared in the Fuller Worthies Library, among The Works in Verse and Prose Complete of Henry Vaughan, issued in four volumes during 1871 to subscribers, and edited by the Rev. A. B. Grosart. As usual in the Grosart quartos—if one may say so without disparagement to that devoted, indefatigable, and too sanguine enricher of us all, now dead—the Vaughans have innumerable misprints, slovenlinesses, and omissions. These have been carefully rectified by the Editor's collation with the almost unique originals, the title-pages of which read as follows:

The | Mount of Olives: | or | Solitary Devotions | By | Henry Vaughan *Silurist.* | With | An excellent Discourse of the | blessed state of Man in Glory, | written by the most Reverend and holy Father Anselm Arch- | bishop of *Canterbury*, and now | done into English. | Luke 21. v. 39, 37. [*sic*] | Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be | accompted worthy to escape all these things that | shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son | of Man. | And in the day time he was teaching in the Temple, | and at night he went out, and abode in the Mount | that is called the Mount of Olives. | London, Printed for William Leake at the | Crown in Fleet-street between the two | Temple-Gates. 1652.

Man in Darkness, it will be noticed, is not indicated in this heading.

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Primitive Holiness | set forth in the | Life | of blessed | Paulinus, | the most Reverend and | Learned Bishop of | Nola: | Collected out of his own Works | and other primitive Authors by | Henry Vaughan, Silurist. | 2 Kings, cap. 2, ver. 12. | My Father, my Father, the Chariot of | Israel, and the Horsemen thereof. | London. | Printed for Humphrey Moseley at | the Prince's Arms in St. Paul's Churchyard. 1654. | This is the third part of *Flores Solitudinis*, 1654, 'collected in his sickness and retirement by Henry Vaughan, Silurist,' each part having its own title-page.

The definitions, in the present book, of obsolete words, Vaughan's use of which is often curiously interesting, are taken from Murray's *New English Dictionary*, and also, in default of that wished-for A to Z being 'built in a day,' from the *Imperial Dictionary*. The spelling has been modernized, except in the case of a few characteristic forms of proper names. As to Vaughan's manifold quotations, a rule has been observed which will keep his superior orbit distinguishable from the Editor's. Wherever he gives the Latin, with his own English translation or paraphrase immediately following, the Latin has been silently struck out. Wherever he gives the Latin only, the equivalent in the vernacular (and preferably, if that be feasible, some contemporary's

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rendering) will be found within square brackets at the bottom of the page; but on account of its length, the single passage from Ferrarius in the Author's Preface has been Englished in the text, displacing the Latin. The same system applies to the two or three quotations from the Greek. Wherever Vaughan gives an English footnote, this appears in its integrity, signed, as he signed it in 1652 or 1654, 'V.' In the case of his Latin footnotes, whether with an indicated source or none, the Latin has been superseded by English, and so bracketed, with his initial left to mark it; and the source, when lacking, is, in every possible instance, supplied. The few of Dr. Grosart's notes which have been retained bear his name, with the exception of many examples of chapter and verse laboriously assigned by him, and since verified, to the Biblical citations. More keenly than himself, the Editor has felt the uselessness of peppering the page with numerals, for the sake of showing, with the aid of a *Concordance*, the sevenfold origin of some short sentence; for Vaughan's prose, like his poetry, is inextricably interwoven with the phraseology of the English Bible. But borrowings from Holy Writ of any definite form or length have been indicated throughout. To secure the advantage of an uninterrupted text, such of these as were either

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acknowledged in the original, or appended in the edition of 1871, have been removed from the mid-page to the bottom margin; yet at the close of any passage seeming to demand it, Grosart's references as well as Vaughan's are left in their places. As Vaughan, in printing the verses of Ausonius and Paulinus, the Letters of S. Augustine, and the extracts from Uranius, worked from no variorum copy, it has been thought best to leave his transcriptions in their simplicity. With so allusive a writer as he is (fond of what now looks to us as the most abstruse and unusual reading, though it but fed his natural tastes), it is not always easy to move interpretatively, step for step. The two little editorial gaps, accompanying quotations whose extreme occultness has ultimately baffled flesh and blood, may perhaps be condoned with Vaughan's own humorous last word, used elsewhere: 'As it is not determinable, so is it not material!'

Thanks are due to Professor Robinson Ellis for one of his valued corrections in translation; to Professor Robert Yelverton Tyrrell for a useful parallel illustration; and to H. S. Milford, Esq., for setting right a worse than tangled patristic phrase. The identification of the 'Abbot' on p. 310 was kindly supplied, through Notes and Queries, by Hy. H. Bemrose, Esq., of Derby, and the matter of the

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hymnological note on p. 63 by Canon Deedes of Chichester. Of remarks merely analogical in this little reprint there are next to none. Light ballast becomes a small shallop.

It is believed, on the whole, that the dissertations by Henry Vaughan, thus commended, for the only time since their inception, to the general public, will not lack their welcomers. Happy is the man, then or now, who with a heart set solely upon giving good example, cannot help offering us unmistakable literature! As such it falls into line and has its affinities with the tribes and the heads of tribes: there are thoughts in its bosom which 'call cousin' with Bacon, with Ralegh, with Fuller, Donne, Burton; and especially with the Silurist's fellow physician, whom we cannot now prove that he read or knew, Sir Thomas Browne. Like theirs, his is a style of the splendid transition: Late Norman, we might well call it, remembering that daring and more nakedly perfect English of the eighteenth century, to which it led up. Vaughan's is a singularly mobile vocabulary; for a certain ornate compactness and sombre serenity in the use of words it would be hard to match him outside the classics. He had little of the aspiration, common to nearly every writer of that age, to last for ever, and he forbears, save in one affectionate lyric addressed to the river Usk,

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to assure us that he will do so; yet because he was stubbornly loyal, in his remote valley, to the craft of his youth, his least utterance is found good 'at the end of the days.' On one page or another of his is some child-quaint gush of holiness, or some digest of poetry and wisdom which keeps its ancient savour. There is charm even in the sudden harp-like tone of the immemorial words which he uses fastidiously, but unaffectedly; in the tenderest of characteristic cautions, 'Visit their graves: be not unkind to a Jonathan, though in the dust'; in the passing eulogy of the birds, by a known bird-lover, that 'they are always full of a musical liveliness, and a certain bright freedom'; or in that pious warning of the peril of our meddling with this world of Mammon: '[for] it is like the torpedo, and he that catcheth it comes to lose his life by the bargain!' Best of all are the numerous pleasant moral speculations, such as that of charity being 'a relic of Paradise,' and pity 'a strong argument that we are all descended from one man. . . . I could believe that the word stranger was a notion received from the posterity of Cain who killed Abel.' Henry Vaughan is a true humanist. He who has left us no portrait looks forth once again, and sweetly, from a small book of abstinent English prose.

OXFORD: *Easter Eve*, A. D. 1902.

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I. THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

II. MAN IN DARKNESS, OR A DISCOURSE OF DEATH

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[THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE]

TO THE PEACEFUL, HUMBLE AND PIOUS READER.

I KNOW the world abounds with these manuals, and triumphs over them. It is not, then, their scarcity that called this forth, nor yet a desire to cross the age, nor any in it. I envy not their frequent ecstasies and raptures to the third Heaven; I only wish them real, and that their actions did not tell the world they are rapt into some other place. Nor should they who assume to themselves the glorious style of Saints be uncharitably moved, if we that are yet in the body, and carry our treasure in earthen vessels, have need of these helps.

It is for thy good, and His glory, Who in the days of His flesh prayed here Himself, and both taught and commanded us to pray, that I have published this. Thou hast here sound directions and wholesome words, and if thou wilt inquire of the Lord and say: 'If the Lord will, I shall live and do this or that,' thou mayst. Here are morning and evening sacrifices, with holy and apposite ejaculations for most times and occasions. And lastly, here are very faithful and necessary precepts and

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meditations before we come to the Lord's Table. To which last part I have added a short and plain discourse of death, with a prayer in the hour thereof. . . . And for thy comfort after thou hast passed through that Golgotha, I have annexed a dissertation of the Blessed State of the righteous, after this life, written originally by holy Anselm, sometimes Archbishop of Canterbury [1].

I have purposely avoided to lead thee into this little book with a large discourse of devotion, what it is, with the several heads, divisions and sub-divisions of it: all these being but so many fruitless curiosities of School-Divinity, *cui fumus est pro fundamento* [2]. Neither did I think it necessary that the ordinary instructions for a regular life, of which there are infinite volumes already extant, should be inserted into this small manual, lest, instead of devotion, I should trouble thee with a piece of ethics [3]. Besides, thou hast them already as briefly delivered as possibly I could in my sacred poems [4].

And thus, Christian reader, do I commend it to thy practice, and the benefit thou shalt find thereby. Only I shall add this short exhortation, that thou

[1] The reference is to our absent translation, Man in Glory, from S. Anselm of Canterbury's De Felicitate Sanctorum.

[2] 'Whose groundwork is so much smoke.'

[3] Misprinted 'ethies' in the original.

[4] Silex Scintillans, 1651; Part II, added 1655.

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wouldst not be discouraged in this way because very many are gone out of it. Think not that thou art alone upon this Hill; there is an innumerable company both before and behind thee: those with their palms in their hands, and these expecting them. If therefore the dust of this world chance to prick thine eyes, suffer it not to blind them; but running thy race with patience, look to JESUS 'the Author and finisher of thy faith,' 'Who when he was reviled, reviled not again.' 'Press thou towards the mark,' and 'let the people and their seducers rage;' 'be faithful unto the death, and He will give thee a crown of Life.' Look not upon transitory visible things, but upon Him that is eternal and invisible. Choose the better part: yea, that part with Saint Hierome, who preferred the poor coat of Paul the Hermit[1] to the purple and pride of the world. Thus with my simple advice unto thee, I bid thee farewell.

Thy Christian friend,

HENRY VAUGHAN.

[1] S. Jerome expresses this preference at the close of his life of S. Paul the First Hermit, Vit. Patrum, Lib. I. Naming himself, he goes on:—si Dominus optionem daret, multo magis eligeret tunicam Pauli cum meritis eius quam regum purpuram cum regnis suis. *Regnis* in some editions gives place to *poenis*, which is probably a right reading. Vaughan knew both, for he again refers to this choice of S. Jerome, against 'the purple robes of Princes, with their punishments,' on p. 72.

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THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

ADMONITIONS FOR MORNING PRAYER

¶ THE night, saith Chrysostom, was not therefore made that either we should sleep it out or pass it away idly; and chiefly because we see many worldly persons to watch out whole nights for the commodities of this life[1]. In the primitive Church also, the Saints of God used to rise at midnight to praise the Rock of their salvation with hymns and spiritual songs. In the same manner shouldst thou do now, and contemplate the order of the stars, and how they all in their several stations praise their Creator. When all the world is asleep, thou shouldst watch, weep and pray, and propose unto thyself that practice of the Psalmist: 'I am weary of my groaning, every night wash I my bed, and water my couch with my tears[2]'; for as the dew which falls by night is most fructifying, and tempers the heat of the sun, so the tears we shed in the night make the soul fruitful, quench all concupiscence, and supple[3] the hardness we got in the day. Christ Himself in the daytime taught and preached, but continued all night in prayer, sometimes in a mountain

[1] The substance of this remark is to be found at length in S. Joan. Chrys. Hom. xiv. and xxvii. on Hebrews, and in the passage about vigils in his Homily on Isaiah.

[2] Ps. vi. 6.

[3] Make pliant, soften.

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apart, sometimes amongst the wild beasts, and sometimes in solitary places.

They whose age or infirmity will not give them way to do thus, should use all convenient means to be up before the sun-rising; for we must prevent[1] the sun to give God thanks, and at the day-spring pray unto Him. It was in the morning that the children of Israel gathered the manna; and of the just man it is said that he will give his heart to resort early to the Lord that made him, and will pray before the Most High. So soon, therefore, as thou dost awake, shut thy door against all profane and worldly thoughts, and before all things let thy God be first admitted; offer unto Him thy first-fruits for that day, and commune with Him after this manner.

WHEN THOU DOST AWAKE

O God the Father, Who saidst in the beginning, 'Let there be light,' and it was so! enlighten my eyes that I never sleep in death, lest at any time my enemy should say, I have prevailed against him. O God the Son, Light of Light, the most true and perfect Light, from Whom this light of the sun and the day had their beginning; Thou that art the light shining in darkness, 'enlightening every one that cometh into the world!' expel from me all clouds of ignorance, and give me true understanding, that in Thee, and by Thee, I may know the Father: Whom to know is to live, and to serve is to reign. O God the Holy Ghost, the Fire that enlightens and warms our hearts! shed into me Thy most sacred light,

[1] Anticipate [Grosart].

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that I may know the true joys of Heaven, and see to escape the illusions of this world. Ray[1] Thyself into my soul, that I may see what an exceeding weight of glory my enemy would bereave me of, for the mere shadows and painting of this world. Grant that I may know those things which belong unto Thee, and nothing else; inflame me with Thy divine love, that with a true Christian contempt I may tread upon all transitory pleasures, and seek only those things which are eternal.

Most blessed Trinity, and one eternal God! as Thou hast this day awaked me from this bodily sleep, so awake my soul from the sleep of sin; and as Thou hast given me strength after sleep now again to watch, so after death give me life: for what is death to me is but sleep with Thee, to Whom be ascribed all glory, wisdom, majesty, dominion, and praise, now and for ever. Amen.

WHEN THOU DOST ARISE

'Arise, O my soul that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.' Arise, O daughter of Sion, O my soul redeemed with the Blood of Christ! sit no more in the dust of thy sins, but arise and rest in that peace which is purchased by thy Saviour's merits.

CHRIST JESUS, my most merciful and dear Redeemer! as it is Thy mere goodness that lifts up this mortal and burthensome body, so let Thy grace lift up my soul to the true knowledge and love of Thee; grant also that my body may this day be a helper and servant to my soul in all good works,

[1] Shoot forth light.

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that both body and soul may be partakers of those endless joys, where Thou livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one true God, world without end. Amen.

¶ As soon as thou art dressed, before thou comest forth from thy chamber, kneel down in some convenient place, and in this or the like prayer commend thyself for that day unto thy Creator's protection.

Almighty, eternal God, the Father of our Lord JESUS CHRIST! I bless and praise Thy holy name, and with my whole heart give Thee all possible thanks, that out of Thine infinite goodness Thou wert pleased to watch over me this night, to resist my Adversary, and to keep me from all perils of body and soul: O Thou that never slumberest or sleepest, how careful hast Thou been of me! how hast Thou protected me, and with Thy holy Angels, 'Thy ministering spirits sent forth to minister for the heirs of salvation,' encompassed me about! yea, with what unmeasurable love hast Thou restored unto me the light of the day, and raised me from sleep and the shadow of death, to look up to Thy holy Hill! Justly mightst Thou, O God, have shut the gates of death upon me, and laid me for ever under the bars of the earth, but Thou hast redeemed me from corruption, and with Thy everlasting arms enlarged my time of repentance.

And now, O Father of mercies and God of all consolation, hear the voice of Thy supplicant, and let my cry be heard in Thy highest Heavens: as I do sincerely love Thee, and beg for Thy protection, so

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receive Thou me under the shadow of Thy wings, watch over me with the eyes of Thy mercy, direct me in the ways of Thy Law, and enrich me with the gifts of Thy Spirit, that I may pass through this day to the glory of Thy great name, the good of others, and the comfort of my own soul. Keep me, O my God! from the great offence; quench in me all vain imaginations and sensual desires; sanctify and supple my heart with the dew of Thy divine Spirit; refresh it with the streams of Thy grace, that I may bring forth fruit in due season, and not cumber the ground, nor be cut off in Thy anger. And to this end I do here resign my body and my soul, with all the faculties Thou hast bestowed upon both, into Thy Almighty hands; guide Thou them in the works of Thy Law; turn my eyes from all transitory objects to the things which are eternal, and from the cares and pride of this world to the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field. And now, O my God, seeing I am but dust and ashes, and my righteousness a filthy rag, having no deserts in myself but what should draw everlasting vengeance and the vials of Thy bitter wrath upon my body and soul; behold, I have brought with me Thy First-born and Only Begotten, the propitiation for my sins, the incense I offer up with my prayers: my Redeemer and Mediator, in Whom Thou art well pleased: hear Thou Him. O look not upon my leprosy, but on His beauty and perfection! and for the righteousness of Thy Son, forgive the sins of Thy servant. Grant this for His sake, to Whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost be all glory and

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majesty, dominion and power, now and for ever. Amen.

ADMONITIONS WHEN WE PREPARE FOR ANY FAR JOURNEY

¶ When thou art to go from home, remember that thou art to come forth into the world, and to converse with an enemy; and what else is the world but a wilderness, a darksome, intricate wood, full of ambushes and dangers; a forest where spiritual hunters, principalities, and powers spread their nets and compass it about? Wouldst thou then escape those ghostly snares, this wickedness in high places, and return home, if not better and holier, yet not worse than at thy setting out? Wouldst thou with Jacob pass over these waters with thy staff only, and in thy return become two bands? Why, then, do as he did: begin thy journey with prayer, and say: 'If God will be with me and keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God.' This was his practice, and the practice of his fathers: 'The Lord God of Heaven,' saith Abraham, 'Who took me from my father's house, and from the land of my kindred . . . He shall send His Angel before thee.' Nor must thou pray only at thy setting forth, but all the way, and at all times. Thus Eliezer prayed at the well, Isaac in the field, and Elias in his journey to Mount Horeb, under a juniper tree in the wilderness. This also, if thou wilt imitate these holy men, thou mayst do, and for that pious purpose thou hast here these following prayers.

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WHEN WE GO FROM HOME

I

Almighty and everlasting God, Who art the Way, the Life, and the Truth! look down from Heaven and behold me now betwixt the assaults of the devil, the allurements of the world, and my own inclinations; I cannot look abroad but these flock about me: but 'O Thou that leadest Joseph like a sheep,' Thou most faithful and Almighty Guide, lend me Thy hand, open mine eyes, direct my steps, and cause me to walk in Thy fear. Thou that didst go out with Jacob from Beersheba unto Padan-aram, guiding him in the waste plains and watching over him on his pillow of stones, be not now far from me. Lead me, O Lord, in Thy righteousness, make my paths straight, and strengthen my goings, that having finished my course here, I may sit down in Thy Kingdom: an inheritance undefiled, purchased for me with the Blood of my Saviour and Thy beloved Son, JESUS CHRIST. Amen.

II

O Thou that art everywhere: Thou that 'sittest upon the circle of the earth, and all the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers before Thee': Whose eyes discover the deep things of the night: before Whom Hell is naked, and all the devices of my spiritual enemies: Thou that didst lead Abraham Thy chosen from Ur of the Chaldees into a land flowing with milk and honey! favour, I beseech Thee, the present harmless enterprise and innocent purpose of Thy servant; be unto me in my journey a comfort, in the heat a shadow, in storms a shelter,

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and in adversity my protection; that having finished my intended course, I may return in peace, full of Thy praises, Who art near to all those that call upon Thee. Grant this for CHRIST JESUS His sake. Amen.

¶ Meditate in the way upon the sojournings and travels of the Patriarchs and Prophets, the many weary journeys of JESUS CHRIST in the flesh, the travels of His Apostles by sea and land, with the pilgrimage and peregrinations of many other precious Saints that wandered in deserts and mountains, of whom the world was not worthy.

ADMONITIONS HOW TO CARRY THYSELF IN THE CHURCH

¶ 'Holiness,' saith the royal Prophet, 'becometh Thy house for ever[1].' When Thou art going thither then, carry not the world with thee.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part,
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither;
Christ purged His temple: so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well,
For Churches are either our Heav'n or Hell[2].

These reverend and sacred buildings (however now vilified and shut up) have ever been, and amongst true Christians still are, the solemn and public places of meeting for divine worship. There the flocks feed at noonday, there the great Shepherd and Bishop of their souls is in the midst of them; and where He is, that ground is holy. Put off thy

[1] Ps. xciii. 5.

[2] George Herbert, 'Church-Porch.' Perirrhanterium [Grosart].

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shoes, then, thy worldly and carnal affections; and when thou beginnest to enter in, say with Jacob: 'How dreadful is this place! since this is none other than the House of God, and this is the gate of Heaven.' Such reverence and religious affection hath in all ages been showed towards these places, that the holy men of God detained either by captivity or other necessary occasions, when they could not remedy the distance, yet to testify their desire and longing for the courts of the Lord, they would always worship towards them. Thus Daniel, upon the idolatrous decree signed by Darius, goes into his house, and his windows being open in his chamber towards Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees, and prayed and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime: which fully proves it to have been his constant manner of devotion. And of Judith we read 'that about the time that the incense of that evening was offered up in Hierusalem, she cried unto the Lord.' But above all, most pathetic and earnest is that cry of David in the eighty-fourth Psalm:—

'How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

'Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even Thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my God and my King!

'Blessed are they that dwell in Thy House: they will be still praising Thee.

. . . . . .

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'For one day in Thy courts is better than a thousand: I had rather be a door-keeper in the House of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.'

Let it be thy care, then, when thou art there present, to carry thyself like a true worshipper; give none offence, neither outwardly to thy brethren nor the angels, nor inwardly to thy God, Whose eyes shine within thee and discern thy reins and thy heart. Look seriously about thee, and consider with thyself how many beauteous, witty[1], and hopeful personages in their time, lie now under thy feet[2]: thou canst not tell but thy turn may be next. Humble thyself in this dust, and all vain imaginations will fly from thee. Consider that thou art now in the cave of Machpelah, in a sacred repository where the bodies of Saints are asleep, expecting that hour 'when those that are in the grave shall hear His voice.' Do not then stop thy ears against the Charmer, but give diligent attention, and hear Him while it is yet to-day, that in the day of thy death thou mayst rest there in the same hope. When thy vessel is filled with this manna, and thy soul satisfied, go not off without thanksgiving; be not like those nine lepers who never returned to give glory to God; but come back with the thankful Samaritan, and receive another blessing: 'Go in peace.'

Saint Luke, in the Acts of the Apostles, making mention of the Ethiopian eunuch, who came up to Jerusalem for to worship, tells us, that in his return

[1] Intelligent.

[2] Intra-mural burial being still the custom, and reserved exclusively for the clergy and the gentry.

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he was reading in Isaiah the Prophet. This blessed convert I would have thee to imitate. When thou hast filled thy hin[1] with this living water, leave it not behind thee at the fountain; spill not thy milk and thy wine, because thou hast it without money and without price, but carry it home and use it. Thou mayst have need of it in six days; and perhaps shalt not come to draw again, until thou 'drinkest it anew with thy Saviour in His Father's Kingdom.'

A PRAYER BEFORE THOU GOEST TO CHURCH

Lord JESUS CHRIST, Who out of Thy Father's bosom wert sent into this world to reveal His will unto sinners, and to instruct them in the way of salvation! behold, I am now going to hear Thy blessed Word, and these many years have so done, expecting still Thy good pleasure and the consummation of Thy sacred Will in me. I have come unto the Bread of Life, and yet am hungry; into the Light, and yet am blind; unto the great Physician, and yet my issue runs. The former and the latter rain of Thy heavenly doctrine falls still without intermission upon my heart, but this bad ground yields nothing but thorns and briers. Many days, many months, and many years hast Thou expected fruit, and found nothing but leaves. It is Thy infinite mercy, O Lord, that Thou hast left unto us the seed of Thy Word, and sendest into Thy harvest such upright and faithful labourers; but in vain, O Lord, shall they cry in our ears, unless

[1] A measure in use among the Hebrews, containing about five quarts.

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Thou openest and renewest our hearts. Open then I beseech Thee, O blessed JESU! the ears of my heart, that not only the outward hearing, but the inward also, may be stirred up in me, and what I hear with the ear I may understand with the spirit. O Thou most mild and merciful Lamb of God; the only and the almighty Sower! grant, I beseech Thee, that the seed which falls this day upon my heart may never be choked with the cares of this world, nor be devoured by the fowls of the air, nor wither away in these times of persecution and trial: but so cherish it with the dew of Thy divine Spirit, that, as in a good and faithful ground, it may bring forth fruit unto eternal life, to the glory of Thy great Name and the comfort of my poor soul, which Thou hast bought with Thy most precious and saving Blood. Amen.

ANOTHER WHEN THOU ART COME HOME, OR IN THE WAY, IF THOU BEEST ALONE

Lord JESUS CHRIST, my ever merciful and most loving Redeemer! I give unto Thee most hearty thanks for this Thy heavenly spiritual provision, wherewith Thou hast fed and refreshed my soul. Grant, I beseech Thee, that this celestial seed may take root in me, and be effectual to my salvation. Watch over my heart, O Lord, and hedge it in with Thy grace, that the fowls which descend in the shadows of the evening may not pick it out; but so prepare and fit me for Thy love, that I may never forget Thy gracious words, Thy blessed and saving advice, but may 'know in this my day what belongs unto my peace.' It is Thy promise by Thy holy

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Prophet, that as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth, and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater: 'so Thy word that goeth forth out of Thy mouth shall not return unto Thee void, but shall accomplish that which Thou pleasest, and prosper in the thing whereto Thou sendest it.' Even so, Lord JESUS, let it be as Thou hast promised. Let the words I have heard this day out of the mouth of Thy servant, the dispenser and steward of Thy Mysteries, prosper in me, and make my life answerable to his doctrine; that I may not only know what Thy blessed Will is, but perform also and fulfil it; so that, at the last, by Thy mediation and mercies, I may attain to Thy eternal and most glorious Kingdom. Amen.

ADMONITIONS FOR EVENING PRAYER

¶ Remember that in the Levitical Law there is a frequent commemoration and charge given of the two daily sacrifices, the one to be offered up in the morning and the other in the evening. These offerings by incense our holy, harmless and undefiled High Priest hath taken away, and instead of them every devout Christian is at the appointed times to offer up a spiritual sacrifice, namely that of prayer: for 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.' At these prescribed times, if thou wilt have thy prayers to ascend up before God, thou must withdraw from all outward occupations, to prepare for the inward and divine. To which end, thou hast here this following medita-

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tion, that thou mayst therewith season [1] and invite thy soul from thy worldly employments to her proper vocation, and so come not altogether undressed into the presence of the King of Glory.

A MEDITATION AT THE SETTING OF THE SUN, OR THE SOUL'S ELEVATION TO THE TRUE LIGHT

'The path of the just,' O my God, 'is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto a perfect day' of eternity. But the wicked neither know, nor understand; they walk in darkness, and from the inward darkness of their minds pass at last into the outward eternal darkness. O most miserable and undone soul! to whom thy sun is set, that everlasting, glorious Sun! which on Thy holy elects [2] never setteth, but is always at the height, full of brightness and consolation. A heavy night sits in the noonday upon those souls that have forsaken Thee; they 'look for light and behold darkness; for brightness, and they walk in obscurity. They grope for the wall like the blind, as if they had no eyes; they stumble at noonday as in the night; they are in desolate places as dead men [3].' But on those that walk with Thee an everlasting day shines. This sun of the firmament hath his course; it riseth, setteth, comes up again and again goes down. But Thou, Lord, knowest no vicissitudes; Thou art the Ancient of Days, Thou art the Rock of Ages, from everlasting to everlasting. O Thou 'the same to-day and yesterday and for evermore!' Thou bright and morning Star springing from on high, illuminate me,

[1] Fit. [2] Souls elect.
[3] Isa. lix. 9, 10, but incorrectly quoted, from memory.

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who am now sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death. O Light of Light, the brightness of Thy Father's glory, enlighten all inward obscurities in me, that after this life I may never be cast into the outward darkness. O most blessed, most merciful and Almighty JESU! abide, I beseech Thee, with me, 'for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent.' As long as Thou art present with me, I am in the light, but when Thou art gone, I am in the shadows of death and amongst the stones of emptiness. When Thou art present, all is brightness, all is sweetness: I am in my God's bosom, I discourse with Him, watch with Him, walk with Him, live with Him, and lie down with Him. All these most dear and unmeasurable blessings I have with Thee, and want them without Thee. Abide then with me, O Thou Whom my soul loveth, Thou Sun of Righteousness, with healing under Thy wings! arise in my heart, refine, quicken, and cherish it: make Thy light there to shine in darkness, and a perfect day in the dead of night.

A PRAYER FOR THE EVENING

Most gracious Almighty God! full of loving-kindness and long-suffering, Whose mercy is above all Thy works and Thy glory above the heavens; Whose truth reacheth unto the clouds, and Whose words shall never pass away, forgive me, I beseech Thee, my transgressions this day: my vain thoughts, idle words, and loose conversation; my exceeding neglect and forgetfulness of Thee; my headlong inclinations and lusting after the world, preferring this land of Cabul before the snow of Lebanon, and

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a broken cistern before the well of life. Justly, O Lord, mightst Thou have showed me Thy back this day, and cut me off from amongst Thy people, but Thou hast had mercy and not sacrifice; Thou hast shed upon me the light of Thy countenance and removed my sins far out of Thy sight. I know, O my God, it is not in man to establish his own ways; it is Thy almighty arm must do it: it is Thou alone that hast led me through this day, and kept me both from doing and from suffering evil. And now, O Thou Preserver of men! what shall I do unto Thee? What shall I render unto my Lord for all the mercies and loving-kindnesses showed unto Thy servant this day, and all the days of my life hitherto? 'I will offer unto Thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and call upon the name of the Lord.' I will ever love Thee, fear Thee, praise Thee, and trust in Thee; my song shall be of Thee in the night season, and in the daytime I will be speaking of Thy wondrous works, Thy most merciful and liberal arm. I will make Thee my delight in the house of my pilgrimage, and I shall always with all my strength, with all my heart, and with all my soul, ascribe unto Thee all glory, wisdom, majesty, dominion and honour, this day and for evermore. Amen.

A PRAYER WHEN THOU ART GOING INTO BED

Most glorious and only wise God, to Whom the light and the darkness are the same, Whose dwellings are eternal, and in Whose Kingdom there is no need of candles, nor of the light of the sun! look, I beseech Thee, upon Thy servant, who 'tarries in this place all

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night,' and forasmuch as Thou, out of Thy tender love and compassion on Thy creatures, hast ordained this time for their repose and refreshing, that having passed through the cares and dangers of the day, they might, under the shadow of Thy wings, find rest and security; keep me, I most humbly beseech Thee, from 'the hours and the powers of darkness'; watch over me this night in Thy almighty Providence, and scatter all the rebellions and devices of my adversaries. Enlighten my soul, sanctify my body, govern my affections and guide my thoughts, that in the fastest closures of my eyelids my spirit may see Thee, and in the depth of sleep be conversant with Thee. Suffer me not, O my God, to forget Thee in the dark, or to say, 'The Lord seeth me not, the Lord hath forsaken the Earth,' but so keep me in Thy fear, and sanctify me with Thy grace, that all the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart, may be always of Thee. Make my soul to thirst for Thee, and my flesh also to long after Thee. And at what time soever Thou shalt awake me from this bodily sleep, awake also my soul in me, make Thy morning-star to arise in my heart, and let Thy Spirit blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Quicken me, O Lord, according to Thy wonted kindness; so shall I seek Thee early, and make my prayer unto Thee with joyful lips. And now, O my most loving and faithful Creator, take me, I beseech Thee, into Thy almighty protection; stretch over me the arm of Thy mercy; let Thine eye be towards the work of Thine own hands, and the purchased possession of Thy Only Begotten,

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and my most merciful Redeemer, JESUS CHRIST. Amen.

¶ As often as thou dost awake in the night, be sure to lift up thy heart unto God in this or the like short ejaculation: 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabbaoth! Heaven and Earth are full of Thy majesty and Thy glory.' By resorting thus unto God, thou shalt find a great furtherance and cheerfulness in thy spiritual exercises, and besides, it will keep always about thee the savour of life. And because thou shalt not be unfurnished upon any incident occasions, I have strowed here this handful of savoury herbs, which thou mayst take up, as thou findest them in thy way.

EJACULATIONS

When the clock strikes

Blessed be the hour in which my Lord JESUS was born, and the hour in which He died! O Lord, remember me in the hour of death!

When thou intendest any business, or journey

O do well unto Thy servant! that I may live and keep Thy word.

When thou art persecuted

Haste Thee, O God, to deliver me; make haste to help me, O Lord!

Upon some sudden fear

'O set me upon the Rock that is higher than I . . . for Thou art my hope, and a strong tower for me against my enemy[1].'

[1] Ps. lxi. 2, 3.

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Upon any disorderly thoughts

'Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me[1].'

Upon any occasions of sadness

'Thy rebuke hath broken my heart; I am full of heaviness[2]; but Thou, O Lord, shalt lift me up again.'

Upon any diffidence[3]

Thou art my hope, O Lord, even from my youth: through Thee have I been holden up ever since I was born; 'though Thou shouldst kill me, yet will I trust in Thee[4].'

When thou dost any good work

'Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but unto Thy name give the praise[5].'

When thou art provoked to anger

Give Thy peace unto Thy servant, O God: let no man take away my crown. In patience, O Lord, let me possess my soul.

For thine enemies

'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge; they know not what they do[6].'

Upon any gracious deliverance or other mercies conferred upon thee

'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. . . .

'He hath prevented me with the blessings of goodness; He hath granted me my heart's desire, and not withholden the request of my lips. . . .

[1] Ps. li. 10.
[2] Ps. lxix. 20.
[3] Misgiving.
[4] Job xiii. 15.
[5] Ps. cxv. 1.
[6] St. Luke xxiii. 34.

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'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of my God for ever[1].'

Upon any losses or other adversities

'Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?'. . .

'Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither; the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord[2].'

When thou hearest that any is dead

'Teach me, O Lord, to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom[3].'

Upon thought of thy sins

Turn away Thy face from my sins, O Lord, and blot out all mine offences. 'Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits, Who forgiveth all thy sins and healeth all thine infirmities[4].'

When thou art weary of the cares and vanities of this world

'Like as the hart brayeth for the water-brooks, so thirsteth my soul after Thee, O God[5].'

'O who will give me the wings of a dove, that I may fly [away], and be at rest[6]!'

ADMONITIONS, WITH MEDITATIONS, AND PRAYERS TO BE USED BEFORE WE COME TO THE LORD'S SUPPER

¶ All the Sacraments of the New Testament, in those that come to participate them, require a most exquisite and sincere preparation. But the Sacrament

[1] Ps. xxiii. 1, 2, and 6, with a verse interpolated from Ps. xxi.
[2] Job ii. 10, and i. 21. [3] Ps. xc. 12.
[4] Ps. ciii. 2–3. [5] Ps. xlii. 1. [6] Ps. lv. 6.

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of the Lord's Table, because in institution and effect it is the highest of all, requires the most perfect and purest accomplishments.[1] Our preparation to this Sacrament is not perfected by contrition only and confession of sins, both which are unavoidably requisite, but if we will be worthy receivers, and partake of those graces which are exhibited unto us in this Heavenly Banquet, there are many other duties we must necessarily perform: for this Sacrament is of an infinite virtue, having in it the well-spring of all graces, even JESUS CHRIST, with all the merits of His most bitter Passion, which admit neither number nor measure. Wherefore, such as our predisposition is, such also shall our proportion be of this spiritual manna; for as he that cometh to a well to draw water takes no more thence than what his vessel contains (which yet he cannot impute unto the well, but unto his pitcher which could hold no more), so they that come unto this glorious Sacrament receive only so much grace as their preparation and holiness makes them capable of. Now there are required of us, before we presume to lay hands upon this Bread of Life, three things:

1. Purity of Conscience.
2. Purity of Intention.
3. Fervent and effectual Devotion.

We must now, as far as it lies in us, refrain from all actual sins in thought, word and deed. Secondly, we must do it to a good end, not for any private benefit; not by compulsion or for fear of censure, or any other ecclesiastical correction; not out of

[1] Fulfilment, completion [of spiritual preparation].

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custom, nor for any sensual devotion or joy, because of the confluence and company at these love-feasts. Thirdly and lastly, we must watch over our own souls, and take heed that no wind blows upon our garden but the spiritual and eternal; we must labour for a heavenly settledness [1], sanctified affections, holy hopes, new garments, 'a clean heart and a right spirit.' The soul must be 'sick of love,' she must long for the banqueting-house; nothing now must appear but flowers, nothing must be heard but the singing of birds and 'the voice of the turtle.' 'Lord God,' saith Saint Ambrose [2], 'with what contrition of heart, with what fountains of tears, with what reverence and fear, with what chastity of body and purity of mind, should this divine Mystery be celebrated! where Thy Flesh is the meat, where Thy Blood is the drink, where the creature feeds upon the Creator, and the Creator is united unto the creature, where angels are spectators and God Himself both the Priest and the Sacrifice: what holiness and humility should we bring thither!'

O what pure things, most pure, must those hands be,
Which bring my God to me! [3]

As therefore some rich odoriferous water is

[1] Composure.

[2] S. Ambros. De Dignitate Sacerdotali.

[3] Vaughan's own version, apparently, of a passage in De Imitatione Christi, Lib. IV, cap. xi. In the translation by the Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond, published by the Early English Text Society in 1893, the passage reads: 'O how clene ought to be the hands . . . of a prieste . . . [to minister unto other the Lorde].'

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distilled out of many and several sorts of fragrant herbs and flowers, so our devotion at this sovereign Sacrament should be composed of many spiritual, acceptable affections with God, as (amongst others), are profound humility, unmeasurable reverence, ardent love, firm faith, actual[1] charity, impatient hunger, and an intolerable longing after this Heavenly Banquet.

And because we may not touch these white robes with dirty hands, nor come near the Rose of Sharon with ill scents and offensive fumes, it hath been ever the custom of God's Church to enjoin and set apart a certain limited time of purification before this mysterious Solemnity, wherein all religious and worthy communicants addressed and prepared themselves in some measure for this unmeasurable mercy. Such was, in our Church, that more strict and holy season called Lent, and such still are the preparation-days before this glorious Sabbath in all true Churches. Two days were given the Israelites to sanctify themselves, and to wash their clothes, that they might be ready against the third day, upon which the Lord was to come down, in the sight of all the people, upon Mount Sinai; and this only at the reception of the Law, which was given by Angels: much more, then, ought we to wash and cleanse our vessels from all vain affections, idle words and actions, and to separate ourselves from the world for three days at least, that we may be ready against that great and blessed day, wherein we are to come, not to 'a mountain that might not be touched, nor to the sound of a trumpet, nor to the voice of words spoken to us

[1] Active.

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out of the midst of fire' . . . but to the general assembly and 'Church of the First-Born, which are written in Heaven' . . . and to 'Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant, and to the Blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel[1].' See, then, that thou refuse not to come to this great marriage of the King's Son with thy soul, and see withal that thou comest not without a wedding garment, that is to say, unprepared. 'For, whosoever shall eat this Bread and drink this Cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the Body and Blood of the Lord; but let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that Bread and drink of that Cup of the Lord, for he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's Body[2].' These are the words of a faithful witness, and thou mayst believe them.

When therefore thou dost intend to be a partaker of this merciful and mysterious Sacrament, be sure for three days at least not to intermeddle with any worldly business, but all that time redeem those many days which were vainly spent by thee. Enter into thine own bosom, examine what thou hast there; and if thou findest any sons of darkness lurking under those fig-leaves, conceal them not, but turn them out of doors, and wash their couch with thy tears: have a care that in the Bridegroom's bed, instead of myrrh and flowers, thou strowest not thorns and thistles. The evening before thou art to communicate, feed but moderately, and after supper use no corrupt

[1] Heb. xii. 18–24. [2] 1 Cor. xi. 27, 28, 29. V.

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communication[1], but converse inwardly with thine own heart, and meditate what an almighty Guest thou art to entertain there next day. Consider seriously thine own unworthiness, and desire of Him that He would sanctify and furnish the room where He is to eat the Passover with thee. Entreat Him to defend thee that night from all sinful illusions and temptations, and to keep the house clean and garnished for Himself. When thou hast thus commended thyself into His hands, let thy sleep, that night, be shorter than usual; be up with the day, or rather with thy Saviour, Who 'rose up early, while it was yet dark.' Meditate with thyself what miracles of mercy He hath done for thee. Consider how He left His Father's bosom to be lodged in a manger, and laid by His robes of glory to take upon Him the seed of Abraham, that He might clothe thee with immortality. Call to mind His wearisome journeys, continual afflictions, the malice and scorn He underwent, the persecutions and reproaches laid upon Him, His strong cries and tears in the days of His flesh, His spiritual agony and sweating of blood, with the implacable fury of His enemies, and His own unspeakable humility, humbling Himself to the death of the Cross, a death accursed by God's own mouth. Consider again, if thou canst, of what unmeasurable love was He possessed, Who having designed and spent His time of life here for thy salvation, did not only leave thee those divine oracles and instructions to be guided by, but to seal up the sum, and make Heaven sure unto thee, did by His last testament

[1] Conversation.

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give Himself, with all the merits of His life and death, to be wholly thine; and, instead of them, took upon Him all thy transgressions, bore all thine iniquities, and to appease the anger and satisfy the justice of His Father, became the holy, harmless and undefiled Sacrifice and perfect Satisfaction for the sins of the world, reconciling all things unto His Father, whether they be things in earth, or things in Heaven.

When thou hast thus considered Him in His acts of love and humility, consider Him again in His glory: take thine eyes off from Bethlehem and Golgotha, and look up to the Mount of Olives, yea, to Heaven, where He sits now upon the right hand of His Father, Angels, Principalities and Powers being made subject unto Him. Call to mind His joyful Resurrection, His most accomplished[1] conquest and triumph over the world, death and Hell, His most gracious and familiar conversation with His Apostles before His Ascension, with His most loving and comfortable carriage towards them at His departure, leading them out as far as Bethany, and lifting up His hands and blessing them. Lastly, close up these thoughts with a serious and awful meditation of that great and joyful, though dreadful Day of His second coming to Judgement, promised by Himself, and affirmed at the time of His Ascension by the two men in white apparel. 'Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into Heaven? this same Jesus which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go

[1] Complete.

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into Heaven[1].' 'Behold! He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him, and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him. Amen! even so come quickly, Lord Jesus[2]!'

These are the duties required of thee, and which thou must faithfully and punctually perform, if thou wouldst be a worthy communicant, and receive those sacred and mystical Elements to that blessed end for which they were ordained. But when I speak of three days' preparation, I do not impose that proportion of time, nor conclude it sufficient, as if it were enough for thee to recede from thy corrupt inclinations and the mire of thy sins for such a term, with an intention to return and wallow in it again when that holy season is over: for our whole life, had we the purity of angels and the innocence of infants, bears no proportion at all, nor can it, without an immediate[3] sanctification from God Himself, any way qualify, or make us fit for the reception of this unmeasurable mercy. But when I spoke of such a proportion of time, I did only propose it to my readers for the performing of these holy and necessary duties which have particular relation to this solemn Feast, and which, indeed, are required then from every Christian. And as for a regular, sober, and holy life, we should in all places and at all times labour for it, for 'without holiness no man shall see the face of God,' much less be partaker of His merits, and by this spiritual eating and drinking become a member of that Body, whose Life and Head He is.

[1] Acts i. 11. [2] Rev. i. 7. [3] Direct.

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A PRAYER FOR THE GRACE OF REPENTANCE, TOGETHER WITH A CONFESSION OF SINS

O holy, blessed and glorious Trinity! three Persons and one eternal God, have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner! 'O who will give mine head waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I may weep night and day' for my infinite transgressions, ingratitude, and rebellion against my most mild and merciful Creator! O God, my God, be not far from me! hide not Thy face from the work of Thine hands, reject not my sighing and mournful spirit, nor the earnest endeavours and desires of mine undone and miserable soul! O Thou that breakest not the bruised reed, nor quenchest the smoking flax, quench not in me these weak sparks, this dawn and beginnings of the promised earnest. Take away, O my God! this heart of stone, and give me a heart of flesh; renew a right spirit within me; clothe me with white raiment, and anoint mine eyes with eye-salve, that I may know and see how miserable and poor and blind and naked I am, and may be zealous[1] therefore, and repent! O Thou that didst cause the waters to flow out of the stony rock, and gavest to Magdalen such store of tears that she washed Thy feet with them, give to me true remorse, and such a measure of repentance as may become a most miserable sinner! I confess, dear God, that I am not worthy of the least of Thy mercies, much less to appear at this great and solemn Feast, this Feast of mercy and miracles, where none but with holy hands, pure intentions, crucified affections, and renewed

[1] Filled with a religious or pious zeal.

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spirits, should presume to enter. But as for me, I am all uncleanness, a polluted vile creature; and nothing belongs unto me at this great day but confusion of face, and an utter separation from this glorious and saving Communion. I have wasted Thy stock, consumed Thy talents, and destroyed Thy goods. I was restless and unquiet till I had found out ways to offend Thee. I have broken Thy commandments, laid open Thine enclosures, and most grievously trespassed against Thy truth, and against the light of mine own conscience. I have preferred rottenness and dust to the treasure of Thy Word, and mine own voluptuousness to Thy revealed Will. And now, O Thou Preserver of men! what shall I do unto thee? Against Thee only have I sinned, and my transgressions are ever in Thy sight. Lord God! I lay me down at Thy footstool, and if Thou wilt be extreme to mark what is amiss, I shall from my very heart acknowledge and adore Thy justice. But O my dear Creator, for CHRIST JESUS His sake, have mercy upon me! look not on my deserts, but on Thy glory: O Lord, do not refuse me, but reform and restore me! O Lord, hearken and do, and defer not; but speak peace to my troubled soul, and send Thy loving Spirit to strengthen and confirm me in the way of holiness; bring me home, O Lord, and lead me now unto these living Waters: incorporate me into the saving Vine, and purge me that I may bear more fruit. O cast me not away like an abominable and withered branch, but make me to flourish in the courts of Thy House, where Thy children are like olive-branches round about Thy

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Table! O Lord, hear, and have mercy, and forgive me, and be reconciled unto me, for CHRIST JESUS His sake! to Whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be glory in the Church through all ages, world without end. Amen.

A MEDITATION BEFORE THE RECEIVING OF THE HOLY COMMUNION

Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord God of Hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory! Behold to the moon, and it shineth not, and the stars are darkness in His sight. The pillars of Heaven do tremble and are astonished[1] at His reproof. O who then am I, that I should appear before Thee, or what is man that Thou shouldst regard him? O Light of Light, the all-seeing Light that shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not, what will become of me when I shall appear before Thy glorious and searching Eye! What an habitation of darkness and death wilt Thou find within me; what abominable desolations and emptiness, what barrenness and disorders, wilt Thou see there! Many a time hast Thou knocked and I have shut the doors against Thee: Thou hast often called and I would not answer. Sleeping and waking, early and late, day and night, have I refused instruction, and would not be healed. And now, O my God, after all this rebellion and uncleanness, wilt Thou come and lodge with me? O Lord, where shall I prepare and make ready for Thee? What communion can there be betwixt light and darkness, purity and pollution, perfection and deformity? O Rose of Sharon, Thou

[1] Dismayed.

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undefiled and everlasting Flower, the glory of the fields and the first-fruits of the dead! shall the wild asses and the beasts of the wilderness feed now upon Thee? Wilt Thou give the Bread of Life unto dogs, and cast Thy pearls before swine? O JESUS CHRIST, the lover and the Redeemer of all humble and penitent souls, Thou that feedest among the lilies until the day breaks and the shadows flee! what is there in my heart, where only tares and thistles grow, that Thou canst feed upon? Thy blessed Body was wrapt in fine and white linen, which is the righteousness of the Saints. It was laid in a new and undefiled grave hewn out of a rock, wherein never man was laid before. But all my righteousness is a filthy rag, my heart neither new nor undefiled, but a nest of unclean birds, where they have not only lain, but hatched, and brought forth their viperous young ones.

I confess, dear God, I confess with all my heart, mine own extreme unworthiness, my most shameful and deplorable condition. But with Thee, O Lord, there is mercy and plenteous redemption. Thou dost not use to reject and cast off those that unfeignedly repent and return unto Thee; the great design and end of Thine Incarnation was to save sinners: Thou hadst never come into this world, but for Thy love to Thy lost sheep; and those Thou didst then love Thou dost love still unto the end. Thou didst not come unto the whole, but to the sick. The first (had there been any such) had no need of a physician, and the last, hadst Thou not come to restore them, had perished for ever. It was

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Thy gracious pleasure, while Thou wert here in the world, to receive publicans and sinners; and though Thou art ascended to Thy Father, yet hast not Thou changed Thy nature. Thou art the same yesterday, to-day, and for evermore. Thy life here was nothing else but a pilgrimage and laborious search after sinners, that Thou mightst find them out and make them whole. And how willingly, O blessed JESUS! didst Thou lay down Thy robes of glory, and clothe Thyself with flesh, that Thou mightst afterwards lay down Thy life a propitiation for our sins! How many scorching and wearisome journeys didst Thou undergo for our sakes! How many cold and tedious nights didst Thou watch and spend abroad in prayer, when the birds of the air lay warm in their nests, and Thou hadst not a place to put Thy head in! In the daytime I find Thee preaching in the Temple, and all night praying in the Mount of Olives; a little after on Thine own Sabbath, travelling for me in the corn-field; another time, wearied with Thy journey, sitting on the well of Jacob, and begging a draught of that cold water from the woman of Samaria; now, again, I meet Thee on the ass, made infinitely happy by so glorious a rider, by 'the God of Jeshurun Who rideth on the heavens, and in His excellency on the skies.' (Sure, it was his simplicity and ordinary contempt with man, that made him so acceptable in Thy sight). But Oh, with what language shall I attempt Thy Passion, Thy bloody sweat, Thy deep and bitter agony, Thy lingering piecemeal death, with all the lively anguishments and afflictions of Thy martyred spirit?

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O my most loving and merciful Saviour! it is only Thy own spirit that can fully character[1] Thy own sufferings. These miracles of love and most comfortable circumstances encourage me, O my God! to draw near unto Thee: for it is not probable that Thou wouldst have subjected Thyself to such bitter reproaches, blasphemies, and torments, had not Thy love to man, for whose redemption Thou didst suffer them, been as infinite as Thyself: and 'greater love than this hath no man, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' And lay it down Thou didst, for no man could take it from Thee. Thou couldst have commanded twelve legions of Angels from Thy Father, and when Thou wentest forth to meet Thy murtherers, they went backwards, and fell to the ground; and without Thy permission, in Whose Hand their breath was, they could have done nothing. These merciful passages[2], together with Thy own voice and frequent invitation, much encourage me to draw near unto Thee.

'Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' [*Matt.* xi. 28.]

'If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink.' [*John* vii. 37.]

These, with many more, are Thy loving invitations: This is the voice of the great Shepherd, and Thy sheep hear Thy voice. Thus Thou didst cry, and these were the words Thou didst speak while Thou wert here upon earth; and shall I then turn away from Thee, that speakest now from Heaven? 'Thou art a priest for ever after the order of

[1] Delineate. [2] Incidents, occurrences.

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Melchisedech,' and Thy preaching and intercession shall last until the heavens be no more. And woe unto them that refuse to hear Thee.

Wherefore, most holy JESUS, seeing Thou dost invite sinners to Thee, and didst die to redeem them, and art able to save them to the uttermost that come to God by Thee, and dost live for ever to make intercession for them, I, the most wretched and the worst of sinners, in full assurance of Thy mercies, and that Thou art touched with the feeling of mine infirmities, and wilt have compassion upon my penitent soul, 'draw near to Thy Throne of Grace, that I may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need[1].'

O Lord, be merciful unto me; forgive all my sins, and heal all mine infirmities. Cleanse my heart, sanctify my affections, renew my spirit, and strengthen my faith, that I may at this great Feast discern Thy blessed Body, and eat and drink salvation to myself, to the glory of Thy great Name, and the comfort of my poor and sorrowful soul. Amen.

'Now unto Him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own Blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory, and dominion for ever and ever. Amen[2].'

A PRAYER WHEN THOU ART UPON GOING TO THE LORD'S TABLE

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.

JESUS CHRIST, the Lamb, the Branch, the bright

[1] Heb. iv. 16. [2] Rev. i. 5, 6.

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and Morning Star, the Bread of Life that came down from Heaven, have mercy upon me! It is Thy promise that whosoever eateth Thy Flesh and drinketh Thy Blood, he shall have eternal life in him, and Thou wilt raise him up at the Last Day. Behold, O God: I am now coming to Thee, O Thou Fountain of purgation! Thou Well of living waters, wash me clean! be unto me the Bread of Life to strengthen me in my pilgrimage towards Heaven! grant that I may suck salvation from Thy Heart, that spring of the Blood of God, which flows into all believers. Thy Flesh is meat indeed, and Thy Blood is drink indeed. O give me grace to receive both worthily, that I may never incur Thy anger and eternal condemnation! Lord JESUS CHRIST! I believe all that Thou hast said, and all that Thou hast promised: help Thou mine unbelief. Thou art the Author, be Thou the Finisher, of my faith; and for Thy glory's sake, for Thine own Name's sake, lead me in the right way to this great mercy and mystery. Amen.

IMMEDIATELY BEFORE THE RECEIVING, SAY:

O Lord, I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which Thou hast showed unto Thy servant all my life long unto this very day; much less am I worthy Thou shouldst come now under my roof: but seeing it is Thy institution and free mercy that will have it so, be jealous, O God, of the place of Thine honour! Cause me to remember Whose Temple I am, and suffer not my last state to be worse than the first. Even so, Lord JESUS, come quickly! Amen.

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ADMONITIONS AFTER RECEIVING THE HOLY COMMUNION

¶ When you have received the sacred Elements, you should not presently after spit, nor eat and drink, but refrain until they are perfectly digested and resolved [1]. You must lay aside all worldly communication and human discourses, though never so serious: for judge, of yourself, what an uncivil part it will be in you, when you have received so great a guest as JESUS CHRIST, with all His merits, to turn your back upon Him presently, and neither to meditate of Him, nor to discourse with Him, and keep His company! Wherefore you should all that day be instant [2] in prayer, meditations, thanksgiving, and good works; you should consider and think upon the love of God, Who so loved the world that He gave His Only-Begotten Son to redeem it. You should meditate upon His birth, life, doctrine and Passion, His death and burial, Resurrection and Ascension, and His Second Coming to Judgement. You should pray that you may be found blameless and without spot of Him, and so much the more, because you see the Day approaching. Tread not under foot the Son of God, and His precious Blood wherewith you are sanctified and saved, by returning again to your former sins, like the dog to his vomit; but be sure that you walk warily, and fall not wilfully into the mire. Be not regular and holy for a day or two, but all the days of thy life; and number thy days, that thou mayst apply thy heart unto wisdom. Cast thy bread upon the waters, be merciful to the

[1] Dissolved. [2] Urgent.

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poor, and remember thy Creator; for the days of darkness are many, but the outward darkness is eternal, and from it there is no redemption.

Instead of printed meditations, which are usually prescribed after communicating, I would advise the pious receiver to read over all these following parcels of Scriptures: John vi. 22 to the end; John xvii.; Rom. viii.; 2 Cor. v.; Eph. i. and iv.; Heb. x.; 1 Pet. i.; Rev. v.

A PRAYER AFTER YOU HAVE RECEIVED

Lord JESUS CHRIST, very God and very man, made in all things like unto us, sin only excepted! I bless and praise Thy holy Name, and with all my heart, with all my strength, and with all my soul, give Thee all possible thanks for Thy infinite love and pity towards lost man. Blessed be the hour in which Thou wert born, and the hour in which Thou didst die! Blessed and for ever hallowed be Thy most comfortable[1] and glorious Name, the name JESUS CHRIST, at which every knee shall bow, of things in Heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth: for Thy Name is above every name, and there is no other name by which we can be saved. O most holy, most humble and harmless Lamb! how didst Thou make Thyself of no reputation, and becamest obedient to the death of the Cross, for my sake! and when Thou wert to drink the cup of Thy Father's anger, due to my sins, didst instead of it ordain and bequeath to me the Cup of life and everlasting salvation! O Lord, give me a heart to understand, and eyes to see, what Thou hast done for me. O never

[1] Consoling.

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suffer me to crucify Thee again by returning to my former iniquities and pollutions! but write Thy sufferings and the price of my redemption in the tables of my heart; set them for a signet upon mine hand, and for a bracelet upon mine arm, that by a continual and careful remembrance of them, I may in the strength of this Bread received to-day at Thy Table, travel to Thy Holy Mountain, and that this Drink which I drank out of the spiritual Rock, may become a well of living waters, springing up in me to eternal life. Grant this, O God, for Thy glory's sake, and for that love and mercy's sake which brought Thee hither out of Thy Father's bosom, to suffer so many things for His elects' sake. Amen.

'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing: . . . for He hath redeemed us to God by His blood, out of every kindred and tongue, and people, and nation, and hath made us unto our God kings and priests; and we shall reign on the earth[1].'

'Now the God of Peace that brought again from the dead my Lord JESUS, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting Covenant, make me perfect in every good work to do His Will, working in me that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through JESUS CHRIST, to Whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen[2].'

A PRAYER IN TIME OF PERSECUTION AND HERESY

Most glorious and immortal God, the Prince of Peace, unity and order, Which makest men to be

[1] Rev. v. 12, 9–10. [2] Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

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of one mind in a house! heal, I beseech Thee, these present sad breaches and distractions. Consider, O Lord, the tears of Thy Spouse which are daily upon her cheeks, whose adversaries are grown mighty, and her enemies prosper. The ways of Zion do mourn; our beautiful gates are shut up; and the Comforter that should relieve our souls is gone far from us. Thy service, and Thy Sabbaths, Thy own sacred Institutions and the pledges of Thy love, are denied unto us: Thy ministers are trodden down, and the basest of the people are set up in Thy holy place[1]. O Lord, holy and just! behold and consider, and have mercy upon us for Thy own Name's sake, for Thy promise sake; suffer not the gates of Hell to prevail against us, but return and restore us, that joy and gladness may be heard in our dwellings, and the voice of the turtle in all our land. 'Arise, O God, and let Thine enemies be scattered, and let them that hate Thee flee before Thee.' Behold, the robbers are come into Thy sanctuary, and the persecutors are within Thy walls. We drink our own waters for money, and our wood is sold unto us[2]. Our necks are under persecution; we labour and have no rest. Yea, Thine own inheritance is given to strangers, and Thine own portion unto aliens. Wherefore dost Thou forget us for ever, and forsake us for so long a time? Turn Thou us unto Thee, O Lord, and we shall be turned: renew our days

[1] An allusion to the state of affairs during the Puritan interregnum, as again on p. 47.

[2] This and the four following sentences are reminiscences of Lam. v. 4, 5, 2, 20.

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as of old. O Lord, hear, and have mercy, and be jealous for the beloved of Thine own bosom, for Thy truth, and for the words of Thine own mouth. Help us, O God of our salvation, and for Thine own honour's sake deal comfortably with us! Amen, Amen.

A PRAYER IN ADVERSITY AND TROUBLES OCCASIONED BY OUR ENEMIES

O holy and Almighty God, full of goodness and compassion! look, I beseech Thee, with Thine eye of mercy upon my present sad sufferings and most bitter afflictions. Behold, O God: I put my mouth in the dust, and confess I have deserved them. I despise not Thy chastenings, but beg grace of Thee that I may not faint, and that they may yield the fruits of righteousness unto me, who am now exercised[1] by them. Thou seest, O God, how furious and implacable mine enemies are: they have not only robbed me of that portion and provision which Thou hast graciously given me, but they have also washed their hands in the blood of my friends, my dearest and nearest relatives[2]. I know, O my God, and I am daily taught by that Disciple whom Thou didst love, that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him. Keep me therefore, O my God, from the guilt of blood, and suffer me not to stain my soul with the thoughts of recompense[3] and vengeance, which is a branch of Thy great prerogative, and

[1] Tried, harassed.

[2] Vaughan must have intended this passage to have the force of a bit of autobiography. It was literally true of him.

[3] Requital.

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belongs wholly unto Thee. Though they persecute me unto death, and pant after the very dust upon the heads of Thy poor; though they have taken the bread out of the children's mouth, and have made me a desolation;—yet, Lord, give me Thy grace, and such a measure of charity as may fully forgive them. Suffer me not to open my mouth in curses, but give me the spirit of my Saviour Who reviled not again, but was dumb like a lamb before His shearers. O Lord! sanctify all these afflictions unto Thy servant, and let no man take away my crown. Remember those that are in troubles for Thy truth, and put their tears into Thy bottle. Grant this, O merciful Father, for my dear Saviour's sake; and bring me quickly into Thy Kingdom, where I shall have all these tears wiped away from mine eyes. Amen, Amen!

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MAN IN DARKNESS

OR

A DISCOURSE OF DEATH

ECCLES. xi. 7, 8, 9, AND 10.

'TRULY the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is [for the eyes] to behold the sun.

But if a man live many years[1], and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they are many.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgement.

Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh; for childhood and youth are vanity.'

Draw near, fond man, and dress thee by this glass[2].
Mark how thy bravery[3] and big looks must pass

[1] Vaughan, quoting from memory, wrote 'days' here.

[2] 'Fond' in the opening line is 'foolish.' Whether this verse is original or a translation, is not known to the Editor. The sixth line, at any rate, is a reminiscence of Casimirus, Lyr. Lib. II. 7—

Vixit, aeternum sibi qui merendo
Vindicat aevum:

which Vaughan had already rendered in his Olor Iscanus, 1651, as—'He lives most who here will buy
With a few tears, eternity.'

[3] Finery.

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Into corruption, rottenness and dust,
The frail supporters which betrayed thy trust.
O weigh, in time, thy last and loathsome state!
To purchase Heaven for tears is no hard rate.
Our glory, greatness, wisdom, all we have,
If misemployed, but add Hell to the grave;
Only a fair redemption of evil[1] times
Finds life in death, and buries all our crimes.

It is an observation of some spirits that the night is the mother of thought[2]. And I shall add that those thoughts are stars, the scintillations and lightnings of the soul, struggling with darkness. This antipathy in her is radical: for, being descended from the house of light, she hates a contrary principle, and being at that time a prisoner in some measure to an enemy, she becomes pensive and full of thoughts. Two great extremes there are, which she equally abhors: darkness and death. And it is observable that in the Second Death, when she shall be wholly mancipated[3] to her enemies, those two are united. For those furious and unquenchable burnings of Hell (which the Scripture calls the Lake of Fire, &c.), though they be of such an insuperable intense heat

[1] 'Evil' was of old a monosyllable.

[2] A proverb in Italy, 'La notte è madre de' pensieri.' V. This figures on p. 69 of a curious little book, Select Italian Proverbs: the most Significant, Very Useful for Travellers, and Such as Desire that Language: the Same newly made to Speak English, &c. By Gio. Torriano, an Italian Professour of the Same Tongue, & M^r of Arts, Cambridge. Printed by Roger Daniel, Printer to the Universitie, 1642.

[3] Enslaved, subjected to.

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as to work upon spirits and the most subtle essences, yet do they give no light at all, but burn blacker than pitch: *crematione̅m habet, lumen vero non habet*[1]. The contemplation of death is an obscure, melancholy walk, an expatiation[2] in shadows and solitude; but it leads unto Life: and he that sets forth at midnight will sooner meet the sun than he that sleeps it out betwixt his curtains. Truly, when I consider how I first came into this world, and in what condition I must once again go out of it, and compare my appointed time here with the portion preceding it and the eternity to follow, I can conclude my present being or state, in respect of the time, to be nothing else but an apparition. The first man that appeared thus came from the East, and the breath of life was received there. Though, then, we travel westward, though we embrace thorns, and sweat for thistles, yet the business of a pilgrim is to seek his Country. But the land of darkness lies in our way; and how few are they that study this region, that like holy Macarius[3] walk into the wilderness, and discourse

[1] [It hath a burningness, but it hath no light.] Greg. Mor. V. The whole passage in S. Gregory the Great's Moralia in Librum Job, Lib. IX, cap. 10, xlvi, stands: Natura vero ignis est ut ex seipso et lumen exhibeat et concremationem, sed transactorum ultrix illa flamma vitiorum concremationem habet et lumen non habet.

[2] A wandering or moving about.

[3] S. Macarius of Egypt the elder. In the Vitas Patrum he is said to have had a special grace of waking the dead, and getting the truth from them. A miser is made to tell his widow where the gold is hidden, and one who was slain to name his murderer; and so on. All the

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with the skull of a dead man! We run all after the present world, and the primitive angelical life is quite lost.

It is a sad perverseness of man to prefer war to peace, cares to rest, grief to joy, and the vanities of this narrow stage to the true and solid comforts in Heaven. 'The friends of this world,' saith a holy Father, 'are so fearful to be separated from it, that nothing can be so grievous to them as to think of death [1].' 'They put far away the evil day, and cause the seat of violence to come near; they lie upon beds of ivory, and stretch themselves upon their couches; they eat the lambs out of the flock, and the calves out of the midst of the stall; they chant to the sound of the viol . . . they drink wine in bowls, and anoint themselves with the chief ointments [2]:' they account the life of the righteous to be madness, and his end to be without honour. In this desperate and senseless state they cast away their precious souls, and make their brightest days but days of darkness and gloominess, days of clouds and of thick mists. They consider not the day that shall burn like an oven, when the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with a fervent heat; when the wicked shall be stubble, and all

hagiologists record that S. Macarius sent a young disciple to 'discourse with a dead man,' in order that the disciple might learn to imitate the dead man's unresponsiveness either to blame or praise. We have no record that S. Macarius had himself done likewise; but Vaughan infers it.

[1] [He who lusteth not maketh no account of death.] V.

[2] Amos vi. 3, 4, 5, 6.

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the workers of iniquity shall be burnt up. Miserable men, that knowing their Master's pleasure, will not do it; that refuse oil and balsam to make way for poison and corrasives[1]! And why will they call Him Master, Master, Whose precepts they trample on, and Whose members they crucify? It is a sad observation[2] for true Christians to see these men, who would seem to be pillars, to prove but reeds and specious dissemblers. For what manner of livers should such professors[3] be, seeing they expect and believe the dissolution of all things? With what constant holiness, humility and devotion should they watch for it! How should they pass the time of their sojourning here in fear, and be diligent that they may be found of Him in peace, without spot and blameless! What preparation should they make against the evil day! What comforts and treasures should they lay up for that long voyage! For what a day of terrors and indignation is the day of death to the unprepared! How will they lie on their last beds, like wild bulls in a net, full of the fury of the Lord! When their desolation shall come like a flood, and their destruction like a whirlwind, how will 'they say in the morning, Would God it were even; and at night, Would God it were morning! for the fear of their heart wherewith they shall fear, and for the sight of their eyes wherewith they shall see[4]?' This is a truth they will not believe until death tells it them, and then it will be too late: it is therefore much to be wished that they would yet

[1] Caustics.
[2] Experience.
[3] Professing Christians.
[4] Deut. xxviii. 67.

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while it is life-time with them remember their last ends, and seriously question with themselves what is there under the sun that so justly challenge[s] their thoughts as the contemplation of their own mortality? We could not have lived in an age of more instruction, had we been left to our own choice. We have seen such vicissitudes and examples of human frailty as the former world, had they happened in those ages, would have judged prodigies. We have seen Princes brought to their graves by a new way[1], and the highest order of human honours trampled upon by the lowest. We have seen judgement beginning at God's Church, and (what hath been never heard of since it was redeemed and established by His blessed Son) we have seen His ministers cast out of the sanctuary, and barbarous persons, without light or perfection, usurping holy offices[2]. 'A day, an hour, a minute,' saith Casaubon[3], is sufficient to overturn and

[1] This is certainly a reference to the fate of King Charles the First.

[2] There is extant a little book called Speculum Visionis, printed at Nuremberg, 1508, wherein this fearful desolation and destruction of the Church by laymen is expressly foretold. V. The author of the book was Josephus Grünbeck [Grosart]. Its full title is Speculum Naturalis Coelestis et Propheticae Visionis omnium Calamitatum Tribulationum et Anxietatum. The Latin and the German editions appeared simultaneously.

[3] Whether in the pages of the innumerable commentaries of Isaac Casaubon, or in those of his son Meric, the Editor (after considerable research) is unable to say. There is a phrase almost exactly similar in Casimirus, Lyr. Lib. II. 7:—

Totque vix horis jacuere surgunt
Regna quot annis.

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extirpate the most settled governments, which seemed to have been founded and rooted in adamant.' Suddenly do the high things of this world come to an end, and their delectable things pass away, for when they seem to be in their flowers and full strength, they perish, to astonishment[1]; and sure the ruin of the most goodly pieces seems to tell that the dissolution of the whole is not far off. It is the observation of a known statesman (Sir Walter Ralegh)[2], that to all dominions God hath set their periods, Who though He hath given to man the knowledge of those ways by which kingdoms rise and fall, yet He hath left him subject unto the affections[3] which draw on these fatal mutations in their appointed time[4]. Vain therefore and deceitful is all the pomp of this world, which though it flatters us with a seeming permanency, will be sure to leave us, even then when we are most in chase of it. And what comfort then, or what security can

These lines Vaughan himself had translated, between 1647 and 1650:— 'Less days
Serve to destroy them than to raise.'

[1] To [our] dismay; as before.

[2] Spelled 'Rawleigh' in the original. This is interesting as one of many contemporary and almost contemporary witnesses to the only authentic pronunciation of the name. It has always been pronounced thus in Ralegh's America.

[3] Passions [Grosart].

[4] Vaughan prints this as a direct citation from Ralegh. It is not such; but it is a summary of the whole philosophy which informs his History of the World. In a footnote, this follows:—

N[onius] Marcellus, De Doctorum Indagine. [The operation of the laws can be so altered by human inconstancy, that out of them, sooner or later than their natural period, good or evil may accrue.] V.

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poor man promise to himself, whose breath is in the hand of another, and whose few days are most commonly outlived by every creature, and sometimes by a flower of his own setting? Or what benefit can these human delights, though blest with success and a large time of fruition, afford him at his death? For satisfaction in this point let us but have recourse to the ages that are past: let us ask the Fathers, and they will tell us. If we insist upon eminent persons, the rulers of this world and the counsellors of the earth, who 'built sumptuous palaces for themselves and filled their houses with silver,' we shall have no better account from them than if we inquired of the prisoners and the oppressed. They are gone all the same way, 'their pomp and the noise of their viols is brought down to the grave; the worms cover them and the worms are spread under them.' Riches and power travel not beyond this life; they are like Job's friends, 'deceitful as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass away, . . . which vanish when it is hot, and are consumed out of their place.' 'Hast thou found riches?' saith one. 'Then thou hast lost thy rest[1].' Distraction and cares come along with them, and they are seldom gotten without the worm of conscience. It was an act of Anacreon[2]

[1] Probably a reminiscence of Eccles. v. 12: 'The abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep.'

[2] Mythical [Grosart]. The evidence is quite the other way. Andrea Mustoxidi, in his Vita di Anacreonte, Venezia, 1817, gives the anecdote on the high authority of the Florilegium of Stobaeus, and devotes some pages to a defence of its probability, against the exceptions of Mme. Dacier. The Gaisford and the Barnes editions accept the incident, as does Henricus Stephanus. See

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becoming the royalty of a poet's spirit: Polycrates rewards him with five talents; but he, after he had been troubled with the keeping of them for two nights, carries them back to the owner, telling him that if he had been accustomed to such companions he had never made any verses. Certainly, there is so much of Mammon and darkness in them as sufficeth to show their parentage is low, and not very far from Hell. Some such thing we may gather from that exclamation of Saint James against the rich men: 'Your gold and your silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. You have heaped treasures together for the last days.' But to return thither from whence we are digressed.—What is become now of these great merchants of the earth, and where is the fruit of all their labours under the sun? Why, truly, they are taken out of the way as all others, and they are cut off as the tops of the ears of corn. Their dwelling is in the dust, and as for their place here, it lies waste and is not known: nettles and brambles come up in it, and the owl and the raven dwell in it. But if you will visit them at their long homes, and knock at those desolate doors, you shall find some remains of them: a heap of loathsomeness and corruption. O miserable and sad mutations![1] Where is now their pompous and

Stob. Flor., T. 93 [91], pp. 508, 511. This is enough to redeem any 'myth.' The Biographie Universelle adds that the passage between Anacreon and his friend the Tyrant of Samos suggested to La Fontaine his fable Le Savetier et Le Financier.

[1] Petrarch, De Otio Religiosorum. V.

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shining train? Where are their triumphs, fire-works, and feasts, with all the ridiculous tumults of a popular[1], prodigious[2] pride? Where is their purple and fine linen, their chains of massy gold, and sparkling ornaments of pearls? Where are their cooks and carvers, their fowlers and fishers? Where are their curious utensils, their cups of agate, crystal and china-earth? Where are their sumptuous chambers, where they enclosed themselves in cedar, ivory and ebony? Where is their music, their soft and delicate dressings, pleasing motions, and excellency of looks? Where are their rich perfumes, costly conserves, with their precious and various store of foreign and domestic wines? Where are their sons and their daughters, fair as the flowers, straight as the palm-trees, and polished as the corners of the Temple? O pitiful and astonishing transformations! all is gone, all is dust, deformity, and desolation. Their bones are scattered in the pit, and instead of well-set hair there is baldness, and loathsomeness instead of beauty. This is the state of their bodies; and O blessed JESUS! who knows the state of their souls? To have a sad guess at this, it will not be much out of our way if we step [in] and visit a Roman Emperor upon his death-bed. If you desire his name, it is Hadrian: the most ingenious and learned that ever sat upon the throne

[1] Pleasing to the mob.

[2] It is possible that this is a misprint for the rare word 'prodigent.' Vaughan's meaning seems to be 'prodigal,' 'extravagant,' rather than 'portentous,' and that is a meaning which 'prodigious' will hardly bear.

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of Caesar. You may believe he was royally accommodated [1], and wanted nothing which this world could afford; but how far he was from receiving any comfort in his death from that pompous and fruitless abundance you shall learn from his own mouth. Consider, I pray, what he speaks, for they are the words of a dying man, and spoken by him to his departing soul:

> My soul, my pleasant soul and witty,
> The guest and consort of my body!
> Into what place now all alone,
> Naked and sad, wilt thou be gone?
> No mirth, no wit, as heretofore,
> Nor jests, wilt thou afford me more.

Certainly this is the saddest poetry that ever I met with: and what he thought of his soul in that last agony, when the pangs of death came thick upon him, is enough to draw tears and commiseration from a heart of flint. Oh happy then, yea, infinitely happy, is that religious liver, who is ever meditating upon the hour of death before it comes, that when it is come, he may pass through it with joy, and speak to his soul in the language of old Hilarion: 'Go forth, O my soul, go forth; what is it that thou art afraid of? Seventy years almost hast thou served Christ, and art thou now afraid of death? [2]'

Alas! what is life, if truly and thoroughly considered, that we should trust to it, and promise to ourselves a multitude of years, as if we held Time by the wings and had the spirit of life in our own hands? 'Our present life,' saith Chrysostom, 'is a mere apparition, and differs but very little from a

[1] Supplied, equipped. [2] Hieron. Vita Hilar. V.

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dream: therefore that mind which is proud of a shadow, and relies upon a dream, is very idle and childish.' Natural histories tell us of a bird called *hemerovios*[1] by the river Hypanis, which receives his life in the morning, sings at noon, and dies at night. This bird may very well signify our life, and by the river we may understand Time, upon whose brink we are always perching. Time runs faster than any stream, and our life is swifter than any bird, and oft-times all the pomp of it comes to an end in one day, yea, sometimes in an hour. There is no object we can look upon but will do us the kindness to put

[1] *Sic*: but more correctly *hemerobios* or hemerobian. (Pliny, N. H. Lib. XI. cap. 43.) So called from living but a day. Pliny calls it 'volucris,' which is not, as Vaughan translates, a 'bird,' but simply 'a winged thing,' as a fly. Holland translates, a 'day-fly' [Grosart]. Solinus ('Plinie's ape'), gives the same account of the creature, but does not say, as Pliny does, that it is carried down the current, enclosed in bubbles. The Hypanis is a river of European Sarmatia, now called the Boug. The real source of Vaughan's unverified quotation, however, may be not natural histories, but simply Drexelius, Aeternitatis Prodromus, cap. 1, 6, or rather the English translation of it by W. Croyden, 1642. Drexelius has Pliny's word *volucris*; both Croyden and Vaughan translate 'bird.' 'On the banks of Hipanis, a river in Scythia, there is a bird called Hemerobios, which lives not beyond the compass of one day, but ends her life with the same light she first received it: at sun-setting. In the same [period] she hath experience of youth and old age; she springs up in the morning, flourishes at noon, grows old and dies at night: but that which is most to be admired in that bird is, she doth in that space provide as much sustenance as if she should live as long as the raven. Man's life is not unlike to this creature.'

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us in mind of our mortality, if we would be so wise as to make use of it. The day dies into night, the Spring into Winter; flowers have their roots ever in their graves[1]; leaves lose their greenness and drop under our feet, where they fly about and whisper unto us. The beasts run the common lot with us, and when they die by our hands, to give us nourishment, they are so kind as to give us instruction also. And if from these frailer objects we turn our eyes to things that are more permanent, we may by the doctrine of contrarities make them as useful as any of the former: and this is elegantly done by the poet[2], who was then serious and staid enough, though somewhat passionate:

> What is't to me that spacious rivers run
> Whole ages, and their streams are never done?
> . . . . . .
> Those still remain: but all my fathers died,
> And I myself but for few days abide.

Thus he, of the water-course which he saw would outrun him, and will do so with all that come after him. But the quick tide of man's life, when it is once turned and begins to ebb, will never flow again. The Spring comes constantly once a year, and flowers, when the frosts are past, keep house no longer underground, but feel the sun, and come

[1] 'Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.'
George Herbert, The Temple: Virtue.

[2] S. Paulinus of Nola. See this same passage somewhat differently rendered, lines 33–38, in the poem at the end of his Life, p. 156.

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abroad. The leaves come again to whisper over our heads, and are as green and as gay as ever, 'but man dieth and wasteth away, yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?' In these sad contemplations was the British bard [1] when he broke out with this eloquent complaint:

> In March birds couple, a new birth
> Of herbs and flowers breaks through the earth.
> But in the grave none stirs his head:
> Long is the imprisonment of the dead.

'The days of darkness are many,' and he that goeth down to the grave shall not come up, his place shall not know him, nor shall he return to his house. 'He shall not be awaked nor raised out of his sleep, until the heavens be no more.'

These last words were put in for our comfort, and imply the Resurrection or the time of restoring all things. This was manifested to Ezekiel by the vision of dry bones with a noise and a shaking amongst them; and they came together bone to bone, and were clothed with sinews, flesh and skin, and the breath of life entered into them, and they

[1] Aneurin, the great warrior-bard of the sixth century. There are twelve of these [Odes of the Months], each consisting of eight lines. That quoted by Vaughan is a portion of the one for March [Grosart.] The Welsh texts vary, but Probert's translation of 1820 is sufficiently close to Vaughan's.

'Month of March: great is the forwardness of the birds...
Every bird wings to its mate;
Every thing springs through the earth,
But the dead: strong is his prison!'

This will recall to many the similar phrase in the still more ancient lament of Moschus for Bion.

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stood upon their feet an exceeding great army. We have it also confirmed out of the mouth of JESUS CHRIST Himself. His words are these: 'Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the grave shall hear His voice; and they shall come forth that have done good unto the Resurrection of life; but they that have done evil unto the Resurrection of condemnation[1].' The Scripture is everywhere full of these proofs: but I shall insist only upon three.

1. 'For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. Whom I shall see for myself, and my eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me.' [Job xix. 25, 26, 27.]

2. 'Thy dead men shall live: together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead.' [Isa. xxvi. 19.]

3. Behold, O My people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves . . . And ye shall know that I am the Lord when I have opened your graves, O My people, and brought you up out of your graves, and shall put My Spirit in you, and ye shall live.' [Ezek. xxxvii. 12, 13, 14.]

And thus have we most full and absolute promises from the divine Spirit and from JESUS CHRIST, Who is the Life of the World, for the redemption

[1] John v. 28, 29.

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of our bodies. Nor are we left destitute of very clear and inexcussable [1] demonstrations of it in Nature. We see mortal men, when the body and substance of vegetables is consumed in the fire, out of their very ashes to make glass, which is a very bright and noble body: how much more shall the immortal and Almighty God, Who created all things of nothing, out of dust and corruption, raise us up incorrupt and glorious bodies? 'Thou fool,' saith Saint Paul, 'that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die first; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain . . . But God giveth it a body as He pleaseth [2].' There are in Nature many creatures, which at certain seasons that their spirit is inconsistent with, fall into a dormition or dead sleep which differs little from death, and convey themselves into secret places, as hollow trees or some desolate ruins, where they may rest in safety during that season, as being taught by some secret informant that they shall wake again. Here have we a clear type of the Resurrection; for what else is death but sleep, as the Apostle calls it! A great philosopher and secretary to Nature [3], discours-

[1] Misprinted 'inexcusable.' 'Inexcussable' is that which cannot be shaken off, nor got rid of.

[2] 1 Cor. xv. 36, 37, 38.

[3] Henricus Cornelius Agrippa, De Occult. Philosoph. Lib. I, cap. 58. To the English translation by J. Freake, 1651, is prefixed An Encomium on the Three Books of Cornelius Agrippa, Knight, by Eugenius Philalethes, i.e. Henry Vaughan's twin-brother Thomas. The Editor surmises that Vaughan wrote 'resuscitation of the dead,' and not 'resurrection,' for it is with suspended animation and resuscitation that Agrippa is concerned: he does not

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ing of the resurrection of the dead, tells us, 'that he oftentimes lighted upon some of these creatures in that dark state of dormition, and did dissect some of them, and cut off the limbs of others, and yet,' saith he, 'could I perceive no sign of life at all in them, their arteries and flesh being as hard and as dry as a stick; but casting them into a pot of seething water, they would soften by degrees, and shortly after stir about; and those very parts which were dissected would give very clear and satisfactory indications of life.' This is so strong a symbol of the Resurrection, that I think it needless to make any application. Only this I shall add, that the curious observers of Nature reckon these creatures amongst those of the lunar order; and indeed if we consider well the nature of that planet whose sphere is the veil or partition drawn betwixt us and immortality[1], and whose relation to this lower world is more intimate and of a greater tie than any of the other six, we shall find that she exactly typifies and demonstrates unto us those two famous states of terrestrial bodies:

mention the Resurrection. Had he done so, he would have made the very 'application' which Vaughan prides himself upon leaving to the intelligence of his reader.

[1] Marcellus, Palingenius [Petrus Angelus Manzolus]. Zodiacus Vitae. *Sagittarius*. Barnaby Googe's translation, 1588.

['All things are good and never fade above the Moone that dwell, [excell.
Nor griefe can vexe those sacred states whose solace doth
But all that Nature framed beneath the Moone is naught and ill,
And lawe severe of death doth feele, and force of time to spill.

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viz. their state of darkness and their state of glory, their dissolution and restoration; for she doth *agonizare* [1], and suffers a monthly recession of light, and in a short time becomes full again. And I pray, are not life and light compatriots? What else is death but the recession and absence of life, or darkness but the absence of light?

> So our decays God comforts by
> The stars' concurrent state on high [2].

Do not we see divers birds of this regiment [3], such as are commonly known to us, with other meaner creatures, as silkworms and the humble-bee (which yet are not so contemptible, but they may serve us for noble instances in this point, seeing there is in them a living spirit, and that creatures of the same rank with them are recorded in God's own Word, yea, and are owned by Him as memorable and select instruments of His service, as Josh. xxiv. 12: 'And I sent the hornet before you, which drove them out from before you, even the two Kings of the Amorites; but not with thy sword, nor with thy bow': and Isa. vii. 18,

> These places doth the middle sphere of Moone in twaine devide,
> Plast equally betwixt the world, doth bounds to heaven bide.
> . . . . . .
> Above the Moone continuale light with peace and joy remayne
> No time, nor error, death, nor age; nor anything is vaine.'] V.

These closing lines are from the same work's preceding chapter, *Scorpius*.

[1] To strive as in wrestling.

[2] Query: from Palingenius? [3] Regimen, rule of life.

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19: 'And it shall come to pass in that day, that the Lord shall hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost parts of the river of Egypt, and for the bee that is in the land of Assyria, and they shall come, and shall rest all of them in the desolate valleys, and in the holes of the rocks, and upon all thorns, and upon all bushes')—I say then, do not we see that these birds and inferior creatures, which in the Spring and Summer continue here very merry and musical, do on a sudden leave us, and all Winter long suffer a kind of death, and with the sun's warmth, in the youth of the year, awake again, and refresh the world with their revived notes? For the singing of birds is *naturalis musica mundi*[1], to which all arted[2] strains are but discord and hardness. How much more shall JESUS CHRIST the Sun of Righteousness, rising 'with healing under His wings,' awake those that sleep in Him, and bring them again with a joyful Resurrection? Having then these prolusions[3] and strong proofs of our restoration laid out in Nature, besides the promise of the God of Nature, Who cannot fail, let us so dispose of this short time of our sojourning here, that we may with joy and sure comforts expect that Day of refreshing. Let us number our days, and apply our hearts unto wisdom. Whatever happens here under our feet, let it not draw down our eyes from the Hill 'whence cometh our help.' Let not these sudden and prodigious mutations, like violent earthquakes, shake our foundation; let us hold fast the Faith, and press towards the mark, that whether absent or

[1] The music of the natural world. [2] Artificial.
[3] Preliminary hints.

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present, we may be accepted of Him; for many are already gone astray, and have slipped into the same damnable estate [1] with those wretches, whom a very heathen [2] could reprove.

> There are that do believe all things succeed
> By chance or fortune: and that nought's decreed
> By a divine, wise Will, but blindly call
> Old Time and Nature rulers over all.

Let us consider Him that is invisible, and 'those that are righteous, let them be righteous still'; let them have respect 'unto the recompense of the reward,' for 'He comes quickly, and His reward is with Him.' Let us endure unto the end and overcome, that we may have 'right unto the Tree of Life, and may enter in through the gates into the City': for *ex hoc momento pendet aeternitas* [3], upon our little inch of time, in this life, depends the length and breadth, the height and depth of immortality in the world to come: even two eternities, the one infinitely accursed, the other infinitely blessed. I remember, saith a reverend author [4], that I have read

[1] State, condition.

[2] Juvenal, Sat. XIII. The Epicureans are intended. [Grosart.]

[3] On this moment hangeth eternity. A reminiscence of three passages in Vaughan's approved, but nowhere named, Drexelius. Momentum vita est, sed pendet ab hoc momento aeternitas. De Damnatorum Rogo, cap. xi. Ah, non a mortis meae momento tota mihi pendet aeternitas? . . . Puncto constat aeternitas. Horologium, Hora XII Noctis. Momentum est vita, eheu, momentum est, sed pendet ab hoc momento siue perenne bonum, siue perenne malum. Aeternitatis Prodromus, 1628.

[4] The 'reverend author' is Drexelius, again. Vaughan,

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(and not without admiration) of some primitive Christian that considered with himself the eternity of the torments to be endured in Hell, after this manner: 'What man living,' said he, 'that were in his right mind and reason, if he were offered the most spacious and flourishing kingdoms of France, Spain, and Poland only for lying continually upon any one part of his body, in a bed of roses, for the space of forty years, would accept of them upon that condition? and though perhaps such a madman could be found as would accept of the offer, yet it is a thing most certain, that before three years would come about he would get him up and beg to have the conditions cancelled.' And what madness then is it, for the enjoying of one minute's pleasure for the satisfaction of our sensual corrupt appetite, to lie for ever in a bed of burning brass, in the lake of eternal and unquenchable fire? 'Suppose,' saith the same writer, 'that this whole globe of earth were nothing else but a huge mass or mountain of sand, and that a little wren [1] came but once in every thou-

in citing him, transfers to him the oblique compliment which Drexelius had devoted to some predecessor, in his opening words: Memini me legere, nec sine admiratione, fuisse hominem qui aeternitatem animo sic prospexerit, &c. Tribunal Christi seu Arcanum ac Singulare Cuiusvis Hominis in Morte Iudicium, Pars II: Infernus Damnatorum Carcer et Rogus. Ab Hier. Drexelio e Soc. Iesu. [Opera omnia]. Antverpiae, 1643. This Pars II Aeternitatis, was first printed in 1635.

[1] Singulis vero annis non nisi granulum unicum demetur *ab angelo*. Consideratio iv, De Aeternitate Considerationes, Coloniae Agrippinae, sumptibus Cornelii ab Egmondt et Sociorum, M.DC.XXXI. Ralph Winterton, 1650,

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sand years to fetch away but one grain of that huge heap: what an innumerable number of years would be spent before that world of sand could be so fetched away! And yet, alas! when the damned have lain in that fiery lake so many years as all those would amount to, they are no nearer coming out than the first hour they entered in.' To the same purpose is this hymn of the ancients[1]:

> From the first hour the heavens were made
> Unto the last, when all shall fade,
> Count if thou canst the drops of dew;
> The stars of heaven, and streams that flow;
> The falling snow; the dropping showers;
> And in the month of May, the flowers,

translates correctly, 'an Angell.' Vaughan's marked love of birds may account for his slip of memory in favour of a 'little wren.'

[1] The lines quoted and translated by Vaughan occur just before the conclusion of that long poem of S. Hildebert (d. A. D. 1132) which ends with the great 'lyrical cry,'

> Me receptet Sion illa,

known to all Christians of every age and country. The title is Oratio Devotissima ad Tres Personas Sanctissimae Trinitatis, and the first line,

> Alpha et O, magne Deus.

Vaughan's excerpt, beginning

> Ex quo poli sunt perfecti,
> Aude numero complecti,

(*aude* being a better reading than his *audet*), has been lost sight of by most hymnologists. See Usher, Lib. de Symbolis; Hommey, in Patrum Supplementum, Paris, 1684; and the collection containing Hildebert and Marbod, ed. Beaugendre, Paris, 1708, cols. 1337–1340. Vaughan appends two hexameter lines which do not belong to the poem, and which are probably his own:

> Aeternum, aeternum! quanta haec duratio, quanta!
> Quam speranda bonis, quamque tremenda malis!

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Their scents and colours; and what store
Of grapes and apples Autumn bore;
How many grains the Summer bears,
What leaves the wind in Winter tears.
Count all the creatures in the world;
The motes which in the air are hurled;
The hairs of beasts and mankind; and
The shore's innumerable sand;
The blades of grass; and to these last
Add all their years which now are past,
With those whose course is yet to come;
And all the minutes in one sum.
When all is done, the damnèd's state
Outruns them still, and knows no date.

'O eternity, eternity!' saith a holy Father[1], 'whose strength is able to bear out thy torments?' 'And the smoke of their torments ascendeth up for ever and ever, and they have no rest day nor night!' Oh what is this same for ever and ever? Gladly would I speak something of it, but I know not what to speak. All that I know is this: that it is that which only the infiniteness of the Almighty God doth compass about and comprehend. Seeing then it is so, that eternal pleasures or eternal pains do unavoidably and immediately overtake us after our dissolution, with what unwearied care and watchfulness should we continue in well-doing, and 'work out our salvation with fear and trembling'! How should we as 'strangers and pilgrims abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul'! What manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness! With what Christian thrift and diligence should we dispose of every minute of

[1] S. Anselm. Cant. Med. I. 13.

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our time, that we might 'make our calling and election sure'! It is a fearful thing to die without reconciliation; and with what confusion of face and horror of spirit, if we die in that state, shall we appear before the Judge of all the world, when He shall 'come in the clouds of heaven with His holy Angels,' and all mankind, from the first man created unto the last that shall be born upon the earth, shall appear before His Judgement-seat! Methinks I see the remiss lukewarm professor, and the hypocritical factious pretender of sanctity, looking up to the clouds, and crying out: 'Oh that Throne, that flaming, white and glorious Throne! and He that sits thereon, with the sharp sickle in His hand, and the crown of pure gold upon His head, from Whose Face the heaven and the earth fly away, and the foundations of the world are brought to nothing! Oh, is He the Lamb that was slain, Whose Blood was poured out like water upon the earth, to save His people from their sins? Is He the Prince of Life that was crowned with thorns, scourged, spit upon, crucified, pierced through, and murthered? And comes He now to judge the world? Oh, it is He! it is He! miserable wretch that I am! What shall I do, or whither shall I go?[1]'

Such will be the dreadful agonies and concertations[2], in that day, betwixt the hypocrite and his conscience, betwixt the enemies of God's truth and

[1] This is all like a foreshadowing of the great passage in Newman's sermon On Neglect of Divine Calls and Warnings.

[2] Strife, contention. [Grosart.]

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their gasping undone souls; when the people that forget God shall go down quick[1] into Hell, and 'the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed' and laid open before Angels and men. For in that day all their dark and private lusts, their closet-sins, bosom-counsels, specious pretences and bloody machinations, which now, like so many foul spirits, lurk in their gloomy breasts, shall be forced out, and will appear as visible to all mankind as if they were written with the beams of the sun upon the pure and unclouded firmament. In the meanwhile the very fowl of the air, and their own horrid guilt (either in time of distraction, which they are always subject to, or in their sleep, which is always fraught with penal[2] visions and spiritual tumults), may make a full discovery of their most secret villainies before the appointed time[3].

It was a blessed and a glorious age the primitive Christian lived in, when the wilderness and the solitary places were glad for them, and the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. When the Blood of Christ was yet warm, and the memory of

[1] Alive. [2] Painful.

[3] ['Suspicion lest the guilty night bewray thy deed unjust,
And conscience burdened sore with sin that doth itself mistrust.
Some have commit offence, full safe from any bitter blame,
But none without the stinging pricks of conscience did the same.'] V.
Seneca, Hippolytus, Act i, Sc. 2. Trans. by John Studley, 1581.

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His miracles and love fresh and vigorous, what zeal, what powerful faith, what perfect charity, hearty humility, and true holiness was then to be found upon the earth[1]! If we compare the shining and fervent piety of those Saints with the painted and illuding[2] appearance of it in these of our times, we shall have just cause to fear that our candlestick, which hath been now of a long time under a cloud, is at this very instant upon removing. But I had rather you should be informed of their true holiness and love to Christ by an eye-witness that was conversant with them, and went in and out amongst them, than by a bare relation from my pen. Hear therefore what he saith[3].

'I have seen,' saith he ('and I was not deceived), the treasure of Christ laid up in earthen vessels; for amongst those Christians in Egypt I have seen many Fathers who had here upon earth already begun the heavenly life, and regenerate Prophets who were indued not only with holy habits, but had received therewith the Spirit of Promise; for I have known many of them that were so free from malice, perverse thoughtfulness and suspicion, as if they had never known that there were such evil ways to be followed in the world: such a great tranquillity of mind, and such a powerful love or longing after

[1] This is like Matthew Arnold's 'infant Church.'

'Of love she felt the tide
Stream on her from her Lord's yet recent grave.'

[2] Deceiving.

[3] Hieron. in Vit. Pat. V. But correctly, Hieron. ad Heliodor. De Laude Eremi, Epist. i.

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goodness had wholly possessed them. . . . They lived dispersed up and down the wilderness, and separated from one another in several cells or cots, but knit all together in the perfect bond of charity. The reason of their distinct and distant habitations was because they would not have the silence of their retirements disturbed, nor their minds diverted from the contemplation of heavenly things, by any noise, sudden occurrence, or idle discourse: for this cause they have every one their particular mansion, where with intentive [1] or earnest minds they do, like faithful servants, expect and look for the coming of their Master. They take no thought for meat and drink and clothing, nor for any such accommodations. They seek only the Kingdom of God and the righteousness thereof; they fight with the weapons of prayer; and being guarded with the shield of Faith from the devices of their spiritual enemies, so travel on towards their Heavenly Country.'

This was the old way, and whether we are in it or out of it is not hard to be decided. A pretended sanctity from the teeth outward, with the frequent mention of the Spirit, and a presumptuous assuming to ourselves of the style of Saints [2], when we are full of subtilty, malice, oppression, lewd opinions and diverse lusts, is, I am sure, a convincing argument that we are not only out of it, but that we have no

[1] Heedful.

[2] Another hit at the Puritans. Compare Vaughan's
'Who saint themselves, they are no Saints,'
a line closing his poem on S. Mary Magdalen, in the second part of Silex Scintillans, 1655.

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mind to return into it. The way to Heaven is wet and slippery, but it is made so with tears and not with blood; it is through the vale of miseries, 'and the rain filleth the pools.' There is no voice in those shades of palm but the voice of the turtle, which is always groaning; and naturalists say she hath no gall. It is ill coming to the Lamb of God in a wolf's skin. They that do so must be taught that He hath another attribute, and they shall find Him a lion. It is strange that after the experience of almost six thousand years men will hazard so highly as to purchase a few days' false honours with the loss of eternal and true glory. In what a horrid darkness and agony will the pleasures of this world leave us, after we have cast away our bodies and souls in the acquisition of them! How suddenly must the rich man leave his barns, and the oppressor his ill-gotten power! How do they labour under the load of their private guilt, and feel the flames of Hell while they are yet alive! With what gloomy and despairing looks do they pass from hence, as if that eternal darkness they are going into were already in their faces! It was a sad and a dark reply that Henry the Fourth made to his hasty son, when he had taken away the crown: 'God knows,' said he and sighed, 'what right I had unto it[1].' Tyrants and oppressors may very

[1] 'The Prince his sonne being aduertised [that he was dead] entered into the chambre, tooke awaie the crowne, and departed. The father being suddenlie reuiued out of that traunce, quicklie perceiued the lacke of his crowne; and hauing knowledge that the Prince his sonne had taken it

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well be compared to the hyaena: while they prosper and devour the prey there is nothing to be seen amongst them but mirth and triumphs; but when they have drank blood enough, when they are full and cloyed, then they weep[1]. The only difference is this, that the hyaena's tears are deceitful, but the tears of tyrants, springing from their inward guilt and horror, are wofully true, though, like storms in harvest, they are unprofitable and prodigious[2].

The difference betwixt the righteous and the wicked is to be seen in their death. The good man goes hence like the sun in the Summer's evening, cheerful and unclouded; his memory is precious here with men, and his spirit is received into the joy of his Master. This Saint Hierome saw in the death of Paul the Hermit, whose coat of palm-leaves he preferred to the purple robes of the proud. 'Let me now,' saith he, 'ask the great men of this world, whose possessions are numberless, and whose dwellings are of marble, what was it that was ever wanting to this poor old man? They drink rich wines out of gold, and he drank clean water out of the fountains. They have silk and gold weaved

awaie, caused him to come befoore his presence requiring of him what he meant so to misuse him selfe. The Prince with a good audacitie answered: "Sir, to mine and all mens judgements you semed dead in this worlde, wherefore I, as your next heire apparant, tooke that as mine owne and not as yours." "Well, faire sonne," said the King with a great sigh, "what righte I hadd to it, God knoweth."' Holinshed, Chronicle of Henrie the Fourth.

[1] Sins are not felt till they are acted. V.

[2] Abnormal, phenomenal.

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into their coats, and he had not so much as the coarsest wool. But then is he out of that simple habit carried into Paradise, and they out of their silk and gold into Hell. Paul the Hermit hath no covering but the common earth[1]: their carcasses are laid up in costly sepulchres of marble and brass[2]; but Paul shall be raised to glory, and they to condemnation.' And presently after, directing his speech to the reader, he concludes thus: 'Whoever thou art that shalt read this book, I beseech thee to remember Hieronymus the sinner[3], who, if

[1] ['He that unburied lies wants not his hearse,
For unto him a tomb's the universe.'] V.
Sir Thomas Browne's translation, in Religio Medici, of Lucan, Phars. vii.

[2] ['Already the tomb is falling, the marble letters are chipped.
. . . And in decaying tombs thou joinest their decays,
And thine is a third death, at end of all thy days.'] V.
In the original this stands:
Iam ruet et bustum, titulusque in marmore sectus,
. . . tumulis autem morientibus ipse
Occumbes etiam: sic mors tibi tertia restat.
Similar expressions occur in Lucan, Pharsalia, Lib. VIII, ad fin., and Lucretius, Lib. VI. 242: Tennyson's Lucretius echoes the latter, where he speaks of 'the very sides of the grave itself' sharing in the universal ruin. And Ausonius, Epig. Lib. III, says:
Mors etiam saxis nominibusque venit.
These more familiar passages resemble Vaughan's, but they are not it. The source of his citation, alas, remains obscure.

[3] [He said not 'Saint' but 'sinner.'] V.
Obsecro, quicumque haec legis, ut Hieronymi peccatoris memineris. At the end of Vita S. Pauli Primi Eremitae, Vit. Pat., Lib. I.

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God would grant him his desire, had rather be master of Paul the Hermit's coat with his rewards than of the purple robes of princes with their punishments.' A dinner of herbs, with a good conscience, is heavenly fare[1], and godliness is great gain, if we would be contented therewith. I do not so much admire Apicius's feasts, and Cleopatra's banquets of dissolved pearls, as I do the raven of Elias and Hilarion's crow. Neither can I in this place pass by that old Cilician and countryman to Saint Paul, who (I verily believe for a reward of his contented and harmless life) had the honour and happiness to have it described and left for ever upon record to posterity, by that inimitable prince and patriarch of poets:

VIRGIL, *Georgica*, Lib. IV.

ENGLISHED THUS.

I saw beneath Tarentum's stately towers
An old Cilician spend his peaceful hours.
Some few bad acres in a waste, wild field,
Which neither grass, nor corn, nor vines would yield,
He did possess: there, amongst thorns and weeds,
Cheap herbs and coleworts[2], with the common seeds
Of chesboule or tame poppies, he did sow,
And vervain with white lilies caused to grow.
Content he was as are successful kings,
And late at night come home (for long work brings

[1] ['How sweet it is to live from strife secure,
To feed on dishes wholesome though but poor!
The humble cottage [is from robbers free.'] V. Seneca, Thyestes, Act iii. Translation by John Wright, 1674.

[2] In Vaughan's time all plants of the cabbage kind were still so called.

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The night still home)—with unbought messes laid
On his low table, he his hunger stayed.
Roses he gathered in the youthful Spring,
And apples in the Autumn home did bring:
And when the sad cold Winter burst with frost
The stones, and the still streams in ice were lost,
He would soft leaves of bearsfoot crop, and chide
The slow west winds, and lingering Summer-tide!

Saint Hierome[1] in the life of Anthony (who was nobly born and as tenderly bred) tells us that, about the age of eighteen, his parents being then dead, he gave away all his possessions, and resolving upon a strict religious life, betook himself to the wilderness; where having erected for himself a poor narrow cottage, he digged hard by it, and found a well, with whose streams he watered a small piece of ground, which he did sow and set with some ordinary herbs, for his own provision. To this place, thus furnished by his industry, the wild asses would in great numbers very often resort, and not contented to borrow of his water, they would sometimes trespass upon his garden, and make bold with his sallets[2]. But he upon a time coming amongst them, commanded the leader of them, which he had observed to guide the rest, to stand still, and beating him upon the sides with his hand, reproved him in these words: 'What is the

[1] Dr. Grosart in his edition notes that here Vaughan makes a slip, as there is no Life of S. Anthony by Jerome, but that Athanasius wrote his Life. Vaughan is only circumstantially wrong, however. The passage occurs in the account of Hilarion which is traditionally said to be by S. Jerome, and the anecdote is there cited of Anthony by Isaac, his disciple and interpreter. Vit. Pat., Lib. I.

[2] Vegetables.

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reason that thou comest to eat that which thou hast not sown?' '*Et exinde*,' saith my author, '*acceptis aquis, ad quas potandas ventitabant, nec arbusculam, nec holera unquam contigebant*[1].' We see by these examples how safe it is to rely upon our Master's promise, and how needless and superfluous, in the Christian state, this worldly abundance is. This our Saviour Himself hath admonished us of, and upbraids our diffidence with the examples of the birds and the lilies of the field. Certainly it is dangerous meddling with the world. It is like the torpedo[2]: he that catcheth it comes to lose his life by the bargain. 'Love not the world,' saith Saint John, 'neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him[3].' We should therefore be very cautious how we deal with it, or with the followers and favourites of it. 'Condescend to men of low estate,' saith the Chosen Vessel[4]. This is good counsel, but it lies so low that most men tread upon it, and very few are they that will stoop to take it up. There is nothing can

[1] ['And thenceforward,' saith my author, 'once they had drunk the waters for which they came, they never more touched either shrubs or herbs.']

[2] A fish that as soon as ever he is struck, so benumbs the angler that he dies.

Arcanas hyemes et caeca papavera ponti
Abdo sinu et celerem frigida vincla necem. V.

All that can be said of this paralysing fish here is that he ought to be, but is not, either Claudian's or Oppian's (in the early elegiac translation), and that much research in ancient and modern quarters has failed to hook him.

[3] 1 John ii. 15.

[4] S. Paul, Rom. xii. 16.

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bring us sooner to it than the serious consideration of our own frailty. This is the catharma [1] that turns away the plague; and as physicians say of fasting that it cures almost all bodily diseases, so may I say of this, that it prevents, if timely applied, all the depravations [2] and diseases of the mind. It will bring down every high thought and set us upon even ground, where we shall be in no danger of soul or body [3]. Our Saviour was buried in a rock, and he that builds upon His grave, he that mortifies his affections and hides his life in Him, need fear no storms. What beauty is there in a death's-head crowned with roses? If we carry the one about with us, we shall be safe enough from the temptations of the other. Let sensual natures judge as they please, but, for my part, I shall hold it no paradox to affirm there are no pleasures in this world. Some coloured griefs and blushing woes there are, which look so clear as if they were true complexions; but it is a very sad and a tried [4] truth that they are but painted. To draw then to an end, let us look always upon this day-lily of life as if the sun were already set [5]. Though we blossom and open many mornings, we

[1] Purge [Grosart].

[2] Damages, impairments.

[3] [He that is down need fear no fall.] V. Bunyan's well-known English (P. P., Part II) for Vaughan's quoted saw,

Qui iacet in terra non habet unde cadat.

The original is in Alain de Lille, Lib. Parab., cap. ii.

[4] Tested.

[5] Hor., Epist. IV. Lib. I, Ad Albium Tibullum. [Think every day that shines upon thee is thy last.] V.

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shall not do so always; *soles occidere et redire possunt*[1], but man cannot. He hath his time appointed him upon earth, which he shall not pass; and 'his days are like the days of an hireling.' Let us then so husband our time, that when the flower falls the seed may be preserved. We have had many blessed patterns of a holy life in the British Church, though now trodden under foot and branded with the title of anti-Christian. I shall propose but one to you[2], the most obedient son that ever his Mother[3] had, and yet a most glorious true Saint, and a seer. Hark how like a busy bee he hymns it to the flowers, while in a handful of blossoms gathered by himself he foresees his own dissolution[4]:

I made a posy while the day ran by:
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And withered in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart:
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Time's gentle admonition,

[1] Catullus, Ep. LIII.

'The sun may set and rise:
But we, contrariwise,
Sleep, after our short light,
One everlasting night.'

Thus Sir Walter Ralegh's translation.

[2] Mr. George Herbert of blessed memory. See his incomparable prophetic Poems, and particularly these: Church-music, Church-rents and Schisms, and The Church militant. V.

[3] The Church of England.

[4] Herbert. The Temple: Life. [Grosart.]

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Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
But sugaring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers! sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,
And after death, for cures.
I follow straight without complaint or grief,
Since if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

As often, therefore, as thou seest the full and ripe corn to succeed the tender and flowery Spring, the Autumn again to succeed the Summer, and the cold and snowy Winter to succeed the Autumn, say with thyself: These seasons pass away, but will return again; but when I go, I shall return no more. When thou seest the sun to set, and the melancholy shadows to prevail and increase, meditate with thyself: Thus when my life is done will the shadows of death be stretched over me; and yet this sun which now leaves me will be here again to-morrow: but when the sun of my life sets it shall not return to me 'until the heavens be no more.' When the night is drawn over thee, and the whole world lies slumbering under it, do not thou sleep it out, for as it is a portion of time much abused by wicked livers, so is it of all others the most powerful to excite thee to devotion. Be stirring therefore, and make special use of that deepest and smoothest current of time, like that vigilant pilot[1] who always mistrusted the greatest calms:

And rising at midnight the stars espied
All posting westward in a silent glide.

[1] Palinurus, Virg., Aeneid, Lib. III. 515. Vaughan's translation.

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When thou seest those various, numberless, and beautiful luminaries of the night to move on in their watches, and some of them to vanish and set while all the rest do follow after, consider that thou art carried on with them in the same motion, and that there is no hope of subsisting for thee, but in Him Who never moves and never sets. Consider thy own posterity, if thou hast any, or those that are younger than thyself, and say: These are travelling up the hill of life, but I am going headlong down. Consider thy own habitation, how many have been there before thy time whom that place must never know again; and that there is no help but thou must follow. Consider the works of thine own hands, the flowers, trees, and arbours of thine own planting; for all these must survive thee. Nay, who knows but thou mayst be gone, before thou canst enjoy those pleasures thou dost expect from them? For the poet in that point proves oftentimes a prophet:

> The trees we set grow slowly, and their shade
> Stays for our sons, while we, the planters, fade[1].

To be short, acquit thee wisely and innocently in all thy actions; live a Christian and die a Saint. Let not the plurality of days, with the numerous distinctions and mincings[2] of thy times into months, weeks, hours, and minutes deceive thee, nor be a means to make thee misspend the smallest portion of it; let not the empty honours and pompous nothing of this world keep thee back from the grapes of the brook of Eschol. Remember that we

[1] Virg., Georg., Lib. II. V. His own rendering.
[2] Minute divisions.

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must account for every idle word, much more for our actions. If thou hast lost any dear friends, have them always before thine eyes; visit their graves often, and be not unkind to a Jonathan, though in the dust. Give ear to Heaven, and forget not what is spoken to thee from hence. 'Behold, I come as a thief; blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame.' The time of life is short, and God, when He comes to see us, comes without a bell. Let us therefore 'gird up the loins of our minds, and be sober and hope to the end.' Let us keep ourselves in the love of God, as obedient children, 'not grieving His Holy Spirit, by which we are sealed unto the Day of Redemption.' And let us not give place to the devil nor be weary of well-doing; but let us be renewed daily in the spirit of our mind, that when He comes Who will not tarry, we may be found faithful, and about our Master's business.

Let us fear God and forgive men, bless those that persecute us, and lay up treasure for ourselves in Heaven, that where our treasure is, there our hearts may be also; and this, if God permits, will we do, and then

> We can go die as sleep, and trust
> Half that we have
> Unto an honest faithful grave,
> Making our pillows either down, or dust[1].

Now unto Him 'Who shall change our vile bodies, that they may be fashioned like unto His glorious Body, according to the working whereby

[1] George Herbert. The Temple: Death. [Grosart.]

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He is able to subdue all things unto Himself[1],' even unto JESUS CHRIST the Prince of the Kings of the earth, and the First-Begotten of the dead, be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

A PRAYER WHEN THOU FINDEST THYSELF SICKLY OR WHEN THOU ART VISITED WITH ANY DISEASE

Most merciful and wise God, Who bringest light out of darkness and true comforts out of the greatest afflictions! I do in all humility and with all my soul resign myself unto Thy divine pleasure, and give Thee most hearty and unfeigned thanks for this Thy present visitation: an infallible argument of Thy fatherly love, and that tender care which Thou hast of my salvation. Thou gavest me health, and I took no notice of Thy gift, and but very little of the Giver: Thou gavest me days and gladness, and I numbered them not. Wherefore, with most true sorrow for my unthankfulness, and with all the sad resentments[2] of a most penitent heart, I do acknowledge Thy justice, adore Thy Providence, and beg Thy mercy. O righteous Father, though I have gone astray, do not Thou cast me off! Though I am no more worthy to be called Thy son, yet have Thou a mind to the work of Thine own hands. Confirm my faith, sanctify my affections, give me a lively and enduring hope, with an unwearied patience, and strengthen me, in all my agonies, with the celestial assistance and inexpressible refreshments of Thy overcoming Spirit. Thou that didst give to Thy blessed and faithful Martyrs such a glorious measure

[1] S. Paul, Phil. iii. 21. [2] Feelings.

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of Thy Almighty Spirit as encouraged them for Thy sake to be sawed asunder, to be burned, stoned, and beheaded, give unto me now such a gracious portion of the same Comforter as may lead me through death unto Life. Or, if Thou wilt in mercy restore me again, and enlarge my time, give me, I beseech Thee, a thankful heart, holy resolutions, and a steadfast spirit to perform them; and for JESUS CHRIST'S sake, never suffer me to forget Thy tender and fatherly compassion, or to fall again into my old sins, and heap up for myself Thy eternal anger and most just indignation. For what end soever Thou hast sent this present sickness (whether for my dissolution, or for a temporal correction of my sinful life), grant, I beseech Thee, that both may be for Thy glory, and the salvation of my poor soul, purchased with the precious blood of Thine only Son and my dear Redeemer, to Whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be ascribed by Angels and men, all wisdom, dominion and majesty, for ever and ever. Amen.

A PRAYER IN THE HOUR OF DEATH

O my most blessed and glorious Creator, that hast fed me all my life long, and redeemed me from all evil! Seeing it is Thy merciful pleasure to take me out of this frail body, and to wipe away all tears from mine eyes, and all sorrows from my heart, I do with all humility and willingness consent, and submit myself wholly unto Thy sacred Will. I desire to be dissolved and to be with my Saviour. I bless and praise Thy holy Name for all Thy great mercies conferred upon me, from the first day of my life unto

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this present hour. I give Thee all possible thanks for this gracious and kind visitation, in which Thou art mercifully pleased to order this last act of Thy poor creature to Thy glory, and the fruition of those heavenly comforts which have already swallowed up my whole spirit. 'Oh let all that come after me speak of Thy wondrous mercies, and the generations which are yet unborn give praise unto Thy Name.'

Lord JESUS CHRIST, my most loving Redeemer, into Thy saving and everlasting arms I commend my spirit. I am ready, my dear Lord, and earnestly expect and long for Thy good pleasure: come quickly, and receive the soul of Thy servant which trusteth in Thee.

'Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb,' and to the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever. Amen.

'Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will towards men!'[1]

Blessed be God alone:
Thrice blessed Three-in-One!

[1] So Herbert, after S. Luke, closes The Temple.

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THE LIFE OF HOLY PAULINUS THE BISHOP OF NOLA

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[THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE]

TO THE READER

If thou lovest Heaven, and the beauty of immortality, here is a guide will lead thee into the House of Light. The earth, at present, is not worth the enjoying; it is corrupt, and poisoned with the Curse. I exhort thee therefore to look after a better Country, 'an inheritance that is undefiled and fadeth not away. If thou dost this, thou shalt have a portion given thee here, when 'all things shall be made new.' In the meantime, I commend unto thee the memory of that Restorer, and the reward He shall bring with Him in the end of the world, which truly draws near, if it be not at the door. Dote not any more upon a withered rotten gourd, upon the seducement and falsehood of a most odious decayed prostitute; but look up to Heaven, where wealth without want, delight without distaste, and joy without sorrow, like undefiled and incorruptible virgins, sit clothed with light, and crowned with glory. Let me incite thee to this speculation in the language of Ferrarius[1]: 'Cease now at last to be seen with face set downward towards the ground, like some animal because of his brute nature, or like a man ripe for burial

[1] Iohannes Baptista Ferrarius Senensis è Societate Iesu De Florum Cultura. Romae, 1633. Lib. I, cap. i.

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before due time. Look up into that sky to which thou wert born, and for beholding and attaining which thou wert made erect. Choose the eternal stars rather than little perishing flowers, or deem these same stars the flowers of Heaven, more long-lived than the amaranth of mortal men.' Farewell, and neglect not thy own happiness.

H. V.

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THE LIFE OF HOLY PAULINUS THE BISHOP OF NOLA

BEN SIRACH, finishing his catalogue of holy men, to seal up the sum, and to make his list complete, brings in Simon the son of Onias: and (after a short narration of his pious care in repairing and fortifying the Temple) he descends to the particular excellences and sacred perfections of his person, which, to render the more fresh and sweet unto posterity, he adorns with these bright and flowing encomiums:

He was as the morning-star in the midst of a cloud, and as the moon at the full.

As the sun shining upon the Temple of the Most High, and as the rainbow giving light in the bright clouds.

As the flower of roses in the spring of the year, as lilies by the rivers of waters, and as the branches of the frankincense-tree in the time of Summer.

As fire and incense in the censer, and as a vessel of beaten gold set with all manner of precious stones.

As a fair olive-tree budding forth fruit, and as a cypress-tree which groweth up to the clouds.

When he put on the robe of honour, and was clothed with the perfection of glory, when he went up to the holy Altar, he made the garment of holiness honourable.

Most great indeed, and most glorious assimilations[1], full of life, and full of freshness! but in all this beauty of holiness, in all these spices and flowers of the Spouse, there is nothing too much, nothing too

[1] Similes, comparisons.

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great for our most great and holy Paulinus. The Saints of God, though wandering in sheep-skins and goat-skins, in caves and in mountains, become eminently famous, and leave behind them a more glorious and enduring memory than the most prosperous tyrants of this world, which, like noisome exhalations moving for a time in the eye of the sun, fall afterwards to the earth, where they rot and perish under the 'chains of darkness.' The fame of holy men, like the Kingdom of God, is 'a seed that grows secretly'; the dew that feeds these plants comes from Him that 'sees in secret, but rewards openly.' They are those trees in the poet [1],

> Which silently, and by none seen,
> Grow great and green.

While they labour to conceal and obscure themselves they shine the more. 'And this,' saith Athanasius in the life of Anthony the Great, 'is the goodness of God, Who useth to glorify His servants, though unwilling, that by their examples He may condemn the world, and teach men that holiness is not above the reach of human nature.' Apposite to my present purpose is all this prolusion [2], both because this blessed Bishop whose life I here adventure to publish [3] was a person of miraculous perfections and holiness, and because withal he did most diligently

[1] Hor. Carm., Lib. I. 12. Ad Augustum:
Crescit occulto velut arbor aevo
Fama Marcelli.
The English is Vaughan's.

[2] Prelude.

[3] To edit or set forth: having the meaning which *publier* still has to the French.

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endeavour to vilify his own excellent abilities, and to make himself of no account. But pearls, though set in lead, will not lose their brightness; and a virtuous life shines most in an obscure livelihood.

In the explication[1] of his life I shall follow first the method of nature, afterwards of grace. I shall begin with his birth, education, and maturity; and end with his conversion, improvements, and perfection. To make my entrance then into the work, I find that he was born in the city of Bordeaux in Gascony, in the year of our Lord three hundred and fifty three, Constantius the Arian reigning in the East, and Constans in the West, and Liberius being Bishop of Rome[2]: in a golden age, when religion and learning kissed each other, and equally flourished. So that he had the happiness to shine in an age that loved light, and to multiply his own by the light of others. It was the fashion then of the Roman Senators to build them sumptuous houses in their country livings, that they might have the pleasure and conveniency of retiring thither from the tumult and noise of that great city, which sometimes was, and would be yet, the head of the world. Upon such an occasion, without doubt, was Bordeaux honoured with the birth of Paulinus, his father's estate lying not far off, about the town of Embrau, upon the river Garonne, which, rising out of the Purenees hills, washeth that part of Guienne with a pleasant stream, and then runs into the Aquitainian sea. By this happy

[1] An unfolding in words, a detailed statement.

[2] He subscribed to the damnable heresy of Arius, as both Hierome and Athanasius testify against him. V.

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accident came France to lay claim to Paulinus, which she makes no small boast of at this day. But his country indeed (if we follow his descent, which is the right way to find it) is Italy, and Rome itself; his ancestors were all patricians, and honoured, by a long succession, with the consular purple. His patrimonies were large, and more becoming a Prince than a private man; for besides those possessions in the city of Bordeaux, and by the river Garonne, he had other most ample inheritances in Italy about Narbonne and Nola, and in Rome itself. And for this we have a pregnant testimony out of Ausonius, who labouring to dissuade him from evangelical poverty, and that obscure course of life (as he is pleased to term it), lays before him, as the most moving arguments, the desolation of his ancient house, with the ruin and sequestration, as it were, of his large possessions. His words are these[1]:

> Let me not weep to see thy ravished house
> All sad and silent, without lord or spouse,
> And all those vast dominions, once thine own,
> Torn 'twixt a hundred slaves to me unknown.

But what account he made of these earthly possessions will appear best by his own words in his fifth Epistle to Severus: 'God,' saith he, 'lays these temporal accommodations upon us that come naked into this world, as a fleece of wool which is to be sheared off. He puts it not as a load to hinder us, whom it behoves to be born light and active, but as a certain matter which, rightly used, may be beneficial. . . . And when He bestoweth anything

[1] Auson. ad Paulin., Epist. XXIII.

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upon us that is either dear or pleasant to us, He gives it for this end, that by parting with it, it may be a testimonial or token of our love and devotion towards God, seeing we neglect the fruition of our best present things for His sake, Who will amply reward us in the future.'

He had conferred upon him all the ornaments of human life which man could be blest with. He was nobly born, rich, and beautiful, of constitution slender and delicate, but every way fitted for virtuous employment; of an excellent wit, a happy memory, and (which sweetened all these gracious concessions [1]) of a most mild and modest disposition. To bring these seeds to perfection, his father, having a care of him equal to his degree, caused him to be brought up under the regiment [2] of Decimus Magnus Ausonius, a famous poet and orator who at that time kept a school of grammar and rhetoric in the city of Bordeaux. The ingenuity [3] and sweetness of Paulinus so overcame and ravished Ausonius, that he used all possible skill and diligence to adorn and perfect those natural abilities which he so much loved and admired in this hopeful plant. The effect was that he exceeded his master. Ausonius, upon this, being called to the Court by the old Emperor Valentinian, Paulinus gave himself to the study of the civil law, and the acute and learned pleadings of that age, wherein he was so excellent that the Emperor, taking notice of his abilities, took order for his election into the Senate; and this a very long time before

[1] Gifts, endowments. [2] Government. [Grosart.]
[3] Intelligence.

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his tutor attained to that honour. This precedence of eloquence and honour Ausonius himself confesseth; but having a greater witness, I shall leave his testimony to the margin, to make room for the other[1]. Take then, if it please you, the judgement of that glorious and eloquent Doctor, Saint Hierome, for thus he writes in his thirteenth Epistle to Paulinus: 'Oh that I were able,' saith he, 'to extol and publish your ingenuity and holy learning, not upon the Aonian hills, or the tops of Helicon, as the poets sing, but upon the mountains of Sion and Sinai! that I might preach there what I have learnt from you, and deliver the sacred mysteries of Scripture through your hands! I might then have something to speak, which learned Greece could never boast of.' And in another place, 'A most pregnant wit you have, and an infinite treasure of words, which easily and aptly flow from you; and both the easiness and the aptness are judiciously mixed.'

To these divine favours already conferred upon him God added another great blessing, the crown of his youth and the comfort of his age: I mean Therasia, a noble Roman virgin, whom he took to wife in the midst of his honours, and who afterwards, of her own free will, most joyfully parted with them all, and with her own pleasant possessions, to follow Christ in the regeneration.

[1] Auson. ad Paulin., Epist. XX.
['In genius less, as more in age, am I;
Before your thronèd Muse, my own stands by.
With consular rolls your name, ere mine, was blent:
First to the Senate, ivory-chaired, you went.'] V.

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At this height of honours and growing repute he was employed upon some concernments of the Empire, into Italy, France, and Spain, where he was detained, together with his dear consort, for the space of almost fifteen years, during which time he secretly laboured to make himself acquainted with the glorious Fathers of that age; and the Spirit of God now beginning to breathe upon him, he was strongly moved to embrace the Christian Faith. In these travels of his it was his fortune to arrive at Milan, where Saint Augustine, and Alypius, the Bishop of Tagasta in Africa, did then sojourn. Here by accident he was known of Alypius, though unknown to him; as we see it often fall out that great persons are known of many which to them are unknown.

Much about this time, which was the eight-and-thirtieth year of his age, he retired privately with his wife into the city of Bordeaux. And the hour being now come that 'the singing of birds should be heard, and the lips which were asleep should speak,' he was there, by the hands of holy Delphinus, who then sat Bishop in the See of Bordeaux, publicly baptized, from which time forward he renounced all his secular acquaintance, associating himself to the most strict and pious livers in that age, especially to Saint Ambrose the Bishop of Milan, and Saint Martin the Bishop of Tours. That he was baptized about the eight-and-thirtieth year of his age is clear by his own words in his first Epistle to Saint Augustine. 'I would not,' saith he, 'that you consider my temporal age so much as my spiritual: my age in the flesh is the same with that cripple who was

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healed in the Beautiful Gate by the power of Christ working by His Apostles; but my age in the regeneration is the same with the blessed Infants, who by the wounds intended for Christ Himself became the first-fruits unto Christ, and by the loss of their innocent blood did foreshow the slaughter of the Lamb and the Passion of our Lord.' Now for the first, Saint Luke tells us that the cripple upon whom this miracle was shown was above forty years of age, and for the Infants, the Evangelist's words are that 'Herod sent forth his messengers, and slew all the male children that were in Bethlehem, and the coasts thereof, from two years old and under.' So that, considering all the circumstances which offer themselves for the clearing of this point, it will evidently appear that he was baptized, as I have said before, in the eight-and-thirtieth year of his age. The only instrument which God was pleased to ordain and employ upon the earth for his conversion was his dear and virtuous wife Therasia; which makes me conjecture that she was born of Christian parents, and had received the Faith from her infancy. This Ausonius his old tutor, who was scarce a good Christian, forgat not to upbraid him with in most injurious terms, calling her Tanaquil, and the *Imperatrix* of her husband: to which passionate passages, though sadly resented [1], Paulinus replied with all the humanity and sweetness which language could express. Thus Ausonius barks at him [2].

[1] Sadly resented: that is, sorrowingly felt.

[2] Auson. ad Paulin., Epist. XXV. The closing lines are from Epist. XXIV.

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——How could that paper sent,
That luckless paper, merit thy contempt?
Ev'n foe to foe, though furiously, replies;
And the defied his enemy defies:
Amidst the swords and wounds there's a salute:
Rocks answer man, and though hard, are not mute.
Nature made nothing dumb, nothing unkind:
The trees and leaves speak trembling to the wind.
. . . . . .
If thou dost fear discoveries, and the blot
Of my love, Tanaquil shall know it not.

To this poetical fury Paulinus reponeth[1] with that native mildness which he was wholly composed of[2].

Obdurate still, and tongue-tied, you accuse
(Though yours is ever vocal) my dull Muse;
You blame my lazy lurking life, and add
I scorn your love, a calumny most sad;
Then tell me that I fear my wife, and dart
Harsh cutting words against my dearest heart.
Leave, learned Father, leave this bitter course!
My studies are not turned unto the worse;
I am not mad, nor idle; nor deny
Your great deserts, and my debt; . . . nor have I
A wife like Tanaquil, as wildly you
Object, but a Lucretia, chaste and true.

To avoid these clamours of Ausonius, and the dangerous solicitations of his great kindred and friends, he left Bordeaux and Nola, and retired into the mountainous and solitary parts of Spain, about Barcinoë and Bilbilis, upon the river Sale. Two journeys he made into Spain: this last, and his first

[1] 'Reposeth' in the original edition; an error for 'reponeth,' the obsolete form of 'replieth.'

[2] Paulin. ad Auson., Epist. II. The two closing lines are from Epist. I.

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(before his Baptism), upon the Emperor's affairs; he sojourned then in New Castile, in the city of Complutum, now called Alcala de Hernarès, where his wife Therasia was delivered of her only son Celsus, who died upon the eighth day after his birth. Holy Paulinus, in his Panegyric upon the death of Celsus, the son of Pneumatius by his wife Fidelis, takes occasion to mention the death of this blessed infant[1].

This pledge of your joint love, to Heaven now fled,
With honey-combs and milk of life is fed.
Or with the Bethlehem-babes whom Herod's rage
Killed in their tender, happy, holy age,
Doth walk the groves of Paradise, and make
Garlands, which those young Martyrs from him take.
With these his eyes on the mild Lamb are fixed,
A virgin-child with virgin-infants mixed.

. . . . . .

Such is my Celsus too, who soon as given,
Was taken back, on the eighth day, to Heaven,
To whom at Alcala I sadly gave,
Amongst the Martyrs' tombs, a little grave.
He now with yours (gone both the blessed way)
Amongst the Trees of Life doth smile and play;
And this one drop of our mixed blood may be
A light for my Therasia, and for me.

These distant and obscure retirements he made choice of because he would not be known of any nor hindered in his course, which at Nola, and the adjacent parts of Rome, where his secular honours and ancient descent made all the people obsequious to

[1] Paulin., Carm. XXXII, De Obitu Celsi Pueri Panegyricus. Celsus, son of Pneumatius, died at eight years old. Vaughan translates, condensing much, the three final stanzas of a very long poem.

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him, could not possibly be effected. Besides, very few in those Western parts, especially of the nobility, had at that time received the Christian Faith, for they looked upon it as a most degenerate, unmanly profession: such a good opinion had those rough times of peace and humility! This made him less looked after by the inhabitants of those parts; and his own friends not knowing what became of him, began to give him over, and not only to withdraw from him in their care, but in their affections also, giving out that he was mad, and beside himself. But all this moved him not: he was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, he 'counted all things dung that he might gain' his Saviour, and he fainted not, but 'endured, as seeing Him that is invisible.' The first step to Christianity, saith Saint Hierome [1], is to contemn the censures of men. This foundation he laid, and upon this he built; he had given himself wholly to Christ, and rejected the world; he took part with that Man of Sorrows, and suffered the scoffs and reproaches of these men of mirth. The people are the many waters; he turned their froth and foam into pearls, and wearied all weathers with an unimpaired superstitie [2]. He was founded upon that Rock which is not worn with time, but wears all that oppose it. Some dispositions love to stand in rain, and affect wind and showers beyond music. Paulinus, sure, was of this temper; he preferred the indignation and hatred of the multitude to their love; he would not buy their

[1] S. Hierome, Ep. XXVI. V.

[2] Survivorship, outlastingness.

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friendship with the loss of Heaven, nor call those Saints and propagators who were devils and destroyers. What courage he had in such tempests may be seen in every line, almost, of his works: I shall insert one or two out of his sixth Epistle to Severus. 'I would,' saith he, 'my dear brother, that we might be counted worthy to suffer reproach, to be branded and trodden upon, yea, and to be killed for the name of Christ, so that Christ be not killed in us. Then at last should we tread upon the adder and the dragon, and bruise the head of the old Serpent. But, alas! we as yet relish this world, and do but pretend to love Christ; we love indeed to be commended and cherished for professing His Name, but we love not to be troubled and afflicted for His sake.' And in his first Epistle to Aper: 'O blessed displeasures,' saith he, 'to displease men by pleasing Christ! Let us take heed of the love of such who will be pleased without Christ.' It is an observation of the readers of Saint Cyprian that through all his writing, almost every word doth breathe martyrdom. His expressions are all spirit and passion, as if he had writ them with his blood, and conveyed the anguish of his sufferings into his writings. I dare not say so much of Paulinus, nor of any other Father of the Church: but I fear not to say that Paulinus both durst and, had he been called to it, would have laid down his life for the love of Christ.

Four years he spent in these remote parts of Spain, during which time he did lead a most solitary and austere life, labouring by all means to conceal and vilify himself. But a 'city that is built upon a

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hill cannot be hidden': his holiness and humility had so awakened the common people dwelling about the place of his abode, that they would not rest again till they had him for their minister. This most honourable and sacred charge he would by no means adventure to undergo, judging himself a most unworthy vile sinner, not fit to deal in Holy Scripture, much less to handle and administer the mystical Elements of life. But God, Who had ordained him for it, would not suffer this. For the people (not without violence and some rudeness) carried him away to Barcinoë, where holy Lampius, then Bishop of that See, did upon Christmas Day, by the laying on of his hands, consecrate him a faithful steward and learned dispenser of the Mysteries of God. This passage we have fully related in his sixth Epistle to Severus. 'I live now,' saith he, 'as I formerly writ to you, in the city of Barcinoë, where, since the last letters received from you, I was by the violence of the people (God, I believe, having foreordained it) compelled to enter into Holy Orders upon that day in which our Lord was born. I confess it was done against my will. Not for any dislike that I have to the place (for Christ is my witness that my highest desire was to begin my employment in His house with the office and honour of a door-keeper), but having designed myself, as you know, elsewhere[1], I was much terrified with this sudden and unexpected pleasure of the divine Will. However, I refused it not, but submitted with all

[1] For Nola. V.

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humility, and have put my neck into the yoke of Christ, though altogether unworthy and unable. I see now that I have meddled with things that are too wonderful for me; I am made a steward of the secrets of the Almighty, and honoured with the dispensation of heavenly things, and being called nearer to my Master, I am exercised about he Body, about the Spirit, and the glory of JESUS CHRIST. The narrowness of my understanding cannot comprehend the signification of this high and sacred dignity, and I tremble every minute, when I consider my own infirmities, to think of the great burden that is laid upon me. But He that gives wisdom to His little ones, and hath perfected praise out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, is able to finish what He begun in me, that by His mighty working I may be made worthy, who was most unworthy to be called.'

The priesthood is an office belonging to the Kingdom of Heaven. It is an honour that is ranged upon holy ground, and by itself. Worldly dignities, which are but human inventions, are, and may be, acquired, with less offence, by human means: as bribery, ambition, and policy. But to take hold of this white robe with such dirty hands is nothing less than to spit in the face of Christ, and to dishonour His ordinance. He that doth it, and he that permits it to be done, agree, like Herod and Pilate, to despise and crucify Him. They that countenance and ratify such disorders take care to provide so many Judases to betray Christ, and then vote the treason to be lawful. Every man can speak,

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but every man cannot preach; tongues and the gift of tongues are not the same things; the wisdom of God hath depth and riches, and things hard to be spoken, as well as milk, and the first principles of his oracles. We have amongst us many builders with hay and stubble, but let them, and those that hired them, take heed how they build; the trial will be by fire, and by 'a consuming fire.' The 'hidden things of dishonesty, the walking in craftiness, and the handling deceitfully of the Word of God' they are well versed in; but true sanctity, and the Spirit of God, which Saint Paul thought he had, I am very sure they have not.

A modest reader would now think that Paulinus had removed himself far enough from the elaborate temptations and clamorous pursuits of Ausonius; but even in this will he be deceived. For at the fourth year's end did the incantations of this busy and obstinate charmer find him out, God no doubt providing for the security of His servant all that while, by delaying them in several regions, or else by concealing the abode of His beloved votary from this pursuer of souls. For with all the artifice and strength of wit did he set upon him in this last letter, which the divine Providence suffered not to come into his hand till he had set both his hands to the plough, and sealed his conformation with that indelible character. And now having set a hedge about His beloved, He suffered this fowl of the evening to fly over, which chattered to him in these melodious numbers[1]:

[1] Auson. ad Paulin. Epist. XXV.

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Sweet Paulinus, is thy nature turned?
Have I so long in vain thy absence mourned? . . .
Wilt thou, my glory, and great Rome's delight,
The Senate's prop, their oracle, and light,
In Bilbilis and Calagurris dwell,
Changing thy ivory chair for a dark cell? . . .
Wilt bury there thy purple, and contemn
All the great honours of thy noble stem?

To this Roman magic and most pernicious elegancy Paulinus replied with a certain sacred and serene simplicity, which proved so piercing and powerful that he was never after troubled with the poetry of Ausonius [1]:

Shall I believe you can make me return,
Who pour out fruitless prayers [2] when you mourn,
Not to your Maker, Who can hear you cry,
But to the fabled nymphs of Castaly?
You never shall by such false gods bring me
Either to Rome, or to your company. . . .
As for those former things you once did know,
And which you still call mine, I freely now
Confess I am not he, whom you knew then:
I have died since, and have been born again. . . .
Nor dare I think my sage instructor can
Believe it error for redeemèd man
To serve his great Redeemer. I grieve not,
But glory, so to err. Let the wise knot
Of worldlings call me fool: I slight their noise,
And hear my God approving of my choice.
Man is but glass, a building of no trust,
A moving shade, and, without Christ, mere dust:
His choice in life concerns the chooser much:
For when he dies, his good or ill, just such
As here it was, goes with him hence, and stays
Still by him, his strict judge in the last days.

[1] Paulin. ad Auson. Epist. I.
[2] A dissyllable in Vaughan's time.

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These serious thoughts take up my soul, and I,
While yet 'tis daylight, fix my busy eye
Upon His sacred rules, life's precious sum,
Who in the twilight of the world shall come
To judge the lofty looks, and show mankind
The difference 'twixt the ill and well inclined.
This Second Coming of the world's great King
Makes my heart tremble, and doth timely bring
A saving care into my watchful soul,
Lest in that day all vitiated and foul
I should be found: that day, Time's utmost line,
When all shall perish but what is divine;
When the great Trumpet's mighty blast shall shake
The earth's foundations till the hard rocks quake,
And melt like piles of snow; when lightnings move
Like hail, and the White Thrones are set above;
That day, when sent in glory by the Father,
The Prince of Life His blest elect shall gather
(Millions of angels round about him flying,
While all the kindreds of the earth are crying),
And He, enthroned upon the clouds, shall give
His last just sentence, who must die, who live.
This is the fear, this is the saving care,
That makes me leave false honours, and that share
Which fell to me of this frail world; lest by
A frequent use of present pleasures, I
Should quite forget the future, and let in
Foul atheism, or some presumptuous sin.
Now by their loss I have secured my life,
And bought my peace ev'n with the cause of strife.
I live to Him, Who gave me life and breath,
And without fear expect the hour of death.
If you like this, bid joy to my rich state:
If not, leave me to Christ, at any rate.

Being now ordained a minister of holy things, and a feeder of the flock of Christ, that he might be able to render a joyful account at the appearance of the great Shepherd, he resolved with all con-

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venient expedition to sell and give away all his large and princely possessions in Italy and France, which hitherto he had not disposed of; for he looked upon his great patrimonies as matters of distraction and backsliding, the thoughts and solicitousness about such vast revenues disturbing his pious affections, and necessarily intruding into his most holy exercitations. Upon this rare resolution, he returns with his faithful consort into France, leaving Barcinoë and holy Lampius in much sorrow for his departure. For though he had entered there into the ministry, yet was he no member of that diocese. And here, saith Uranius, who was his presbyter, and wrote a brief narration of his life, did he open his treasuries to the poor and the stranger. He did not only refresh his neighbours, but sent messengers into other remote parts to summon the naked and the hungry to this great feast, where they were both fed and clothed with his own hands. He eased the oppressed, freed the captives, paid the debts of whole families, and redeemed divers persons that were become bondslaves to their creditors. Briefly, he sold all that he had, and distributed the money amongst the poor, not reserving one penny either for himself or his dear Therasia. Saint Ambrose in his thirtieth Epistle to Sabinus confirmeth this relation: 'Paulinus,' saith he, 'the most eminent for his nobility in all the parts of Aquitaine, having sold away all his patrimonies, together with the goods of his wife, did out of pure love to JESUS CHRIST divide all that vast sum of money amongst the poor; and he himself from a rich Senator is

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become a most poor man, having cast off that heavy secular burden, and forsaken his own house, his country, and his kindred, that he might with more earnestness follow Christ. His wife also, as nobly descended, and as zealous for the Faith as himself, consented to all his desires, and having given away all her own large possessions, lives with her husband in a little thatched cottage, rich in nothing but the hidden treasures of religion and holiness.' Saint Augustine also, in his first book De Civitate Dei, and the tenth chapter[1], celebrates him with the like testimony: 'Our Paulinus,' saith he, 'from a man most splendidly rich, became most poor most willingly, and most richly holy.' He laboured not to add field unto field, nor to enclose himself in cedar and ivory, and the drossy dark gold of this world, but to enter through the gates into the precious light of that City which is 'of pure gold like unto clear glass.' He left some few things in this world, to enjoy all in the world to come. A great performance certainly, and a most fair approach towards the Kingdom of Heaven. He that fights with dust comes off well if it blinds him not. To slight words and the names of temptations is easy, but to deal so with the matter or substance of them is a task. Conscience hath music and light, as well as discord and darkness; and the triumphs of it are as familiar after good works as the checks of it after bad. It is no heresy, in devotion, to be sensible of our smallest victories over the world. But how far he was from thinking this a victory may be easily gathered out of

[1] The reference occurs in the ninth chapter.

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his own words in his second Epistle to Severus: 'The goods,' saith he, 'I carried about me, by the slipping of my skirt out of my hand, fell easily from me: and those things which I brought not into this world and could not carry out of it, being only lent me for a time, I restored again. I pulled them not as the skin off my back, but laid them by as a garment I had sometimes[1] worn. But now comes the difficulty upon me, when those things which are truly mine, as my heart, my soul, and my works, must be presented and given a living sacrifice unto God. The abdication of this world, and the giving of our temporal goods amongst the poor, is not the running of the race, but a preparing to run; it is not the end, but the beginning and first step of our journey. "He that striveth for masteries shall not be crowned except he first strive lawfully;" and he that is to swim over a river cannot do it by putting off his clothes only: he must put his body also into the stream, and with the motion of his arms, his hands, and feet pass through the violence of the brook, and then rest upon the further side of it.' And in his twelfth Epistle, he cries out: 'O miserable and vain men! We believe that we bestow something upon the poor: we trade and lend, and would be counted liberal when we are most covetous. The most unconscionable usurers upon earth are not so greedy as we are, nor their interest and exactions so unreasonable as ours. We purchase Heaven with earth, happiness with misery, and

[1] 'Sometimes,' in writers of this date, usually means, as here, 'sometime,' formerly.

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immortality with rust and rottenness.' Such another divine rapture is that in his poems[1]:

> . . . And is the bargain thought too dear,
> To give for Heaven our frail subsistence here?
> To change our mortal with immortal homes,
> And purchase the bright stars with darksome stones?
> Behold: my God (a rate great as His breath!)
> On the sad Cross bought me with bitter death,
> Did put on flesh, and suffered for our good.
> For ours, vile slaves, the loss of His dear blood.

We see by these manifestoes what account he made of this great deed: so great, that none nowadays think of doing it. 'Go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor,' is a commandment, as well as 'Take up [My] Cross and follow Me.' This last cannot be done but by doing the first. We'll sell oftentimes, but seldom give; and happily that is the reason we sell so often. He that keeps all to himself takes not the right way to thrive. The corn that lies in the granary will bring no harvest; it is most commonly the food of vermin, and some creatures of the night and darkness. Charity is a relic of Paradise, and pity is a strong argument that we are all descended from one man. He that carries this rare jewel about him, will everywhere meet with some kindred; he is quickly acquainted with distressed persons, and their first sight warms his blood. I could believe that the word stranger is a notion received from the posterity of Cain, who killed Abel. The Hebrews, in their own tribes, called those of the farthest degree brothers, and sure they erred less from the law of

[1] Paulini Natalis Nonus in Laudem S. Felicis.

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pure nature than the rest of nations, which were left to their own lusts. The afflictions of man are more moving than of any other creature, for he only is a stranger here, where all things else are at home. But the losing of his innocency, and his device of tyranny, have made him unpitied, and forfeited a prerogative that would have prevailed more by submission than all his posterity shall do by opposition. Not to give to one that lacks, is a kind of murther. Want and famine are destroyers as well as the sword, and rage very frequently in private, when they are not thought of in public[1]. The blessed JESUS who came into the world to rectify nature, and to take away the inveterate corruptions of man, was not more in any of His precepts than in that which bids us love one another. This is the cement not only of this world, but of that other which is to come. 'Blessed are the merciful' and 'Give to him that asketh thee' proceeded from the same lips of Truth. And in His description of the Last Judgement, He grounds the sentence of condemnation pronounced against the wicked upon no other fact, but because they did not clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and take in the stranger. 'Love covers a multitude of sins,' and 'God loves the cheerful giver.' But this is not our whole duty: though we give our bodies to be burned, and give all our goods unto the poor, yet 'without holiness we shall never see the face of God.' Darkness cannot stand in the presence of light, and 'flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God.' The great difficulty then, as our holy Bishop here

[1] 'the publick' in the original edition.

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saith, is to become a living sacrifice; and truly the next way to it is by an evangelical disposing of these outward encumbrances. This will open and prepare the way before us, though it takes nothing from the length of it. The hawk proines and rouseth[1] before she flies, but that brings her not to the mark: preparations and the distant flourishes of array will not get the field, but action, and the pursuance of it.

His estate in France being thus disposed of, he retired into Italy; where having done the like to his patrimonies there, he came to Milan, and was honourably received by holy Ambrose, then Bishop of that See. But these gay feathers of the world being thus blown off him by the breath of that Spirit which makes 'the dry tree to become green,' and 'the spices of the garden to flow out,' all his kindred and former acquaintance became his deadly enemies. Flies of estate[2] follow fortune, and the sunshine. Friendship is a thing much talked of, but seldom found: I never knew above two that loved without self-ends. That which passeth for love, in this age, is the mere counter to it: it is policy in the clothes of love, or the hands of Esau with the tongue of Jacob. These smooth cheats the world abounds with. There is 'clay enough for the potter, but little dust whereof cometh gold.' The best direction is religion: find a true Christian, and thou hast found a true friend. He that fears not God

[1] To proine and to rouse, in the language of falconry, is to preen and to rise: to dress the feathers, and stretch leg and wing, as the hawk gathers her powers for flight.

[2] 'Estate' here is property, rank: the 'flies' being those who buzz around these.

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will not fear to do thee a mischief. From Milan he came to Rome, where he was honourably entertained by all but his own kindred, and Siricius the great Bishop. It was the ill fortune of this zealous Pope to be offended not only with Paulinus, but with that glorious Father Saint Hierome. It was a perilous dissoluteness of some Bishops, in that century, to admit of laymen and unseasoned[1] persons into the ministry. This rash and impious practice Siricius had, by several strict sanctions or decrees, condemned and forbidden; and it is probable that the reason of his strange carriage towards Paulinus and Hierome was because he would not seem to connive at any persons that were suddenly ordained, though never so deserving, lest he should seem to offend against his own edicts. It is a sad truth that this pernicious rashness of Bishops, fighting *ex diametro*[2] with the Apostolical cautions, hath oftentimes brought boars into the Vineyard, and wolves into the Sheepfold; which, complying afterwards with all manner of interests, have torn out the bowels of their Mother. We need no examples: we have lived to see all this ourselves. Ignorance and obstinacy make heretics, and ambition makes schismatics; when they are once at this pass, they are on their way towards atheism. I do not say that ecclesiastical polity is an inviolable or sure fence[3] against Church-rents, because there is a necessity that offences must come, though 'woe to them by whom'; but rules of prevention are given: and therefore they should not

[1] Unprepared, untrained.

[2] Clean against and through.

[3] Defence.

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be slighted. The Bridegroom adviseth His Spouse to 'take these foxes while they are little.'

In a pleasant field, half a mile distant from Nola, lies the sepulchre of the blessed Martyr Felix. To this place, which from his youth he was ever devoted to, did Paulinus now retire. It was the custom of holy men in that age not only to live near the tombs of the Martyrs, but to provide also for their burial in those places, because they were sure that in the Resurrection, and the terrors of the Day of Judgement, God would descend upon those places in 'the soft voice,' that is to say, in His love and mercies. Eusebius in[1] his fourth Book, and the sixth chapter of the Life of Constantine, tells us how that great Emperor gave strict order for his burial amongst the tombs of the Apostles, and then adds: ὠφέλειαν ψυχῆς ὀνησιφόφον τὴν τῶνδε μνήμην ποιεῖσθαι αὐτῷ πιστεύων[2]. Saint Chrysostom in that Homily which he writ to prove that Christ is God[3], gives the same relation: 'The Emperors of Constantinople,' saith he, 'esteem it for a great honour if they be buried not within the shrines of the Apostles, but at the gates of their temple, that they may be the door-keepers of those poor fishers.' So Marcellina, descended from the consular nobility of Rome, refused to be buried amongst her ancestors, that she might sleep at Milan with her great brother Saint Ambrose, where she lies under this epitaph[4]:

[1] 'Is' in original.

[2] Trusting that his remembrance of them would be of great succour to his soul.

[3] Hom. XXVI, on 2 Cor. xii. 1.

[4] Written by Simplician, successor of S. Ambrose in

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Life, Marcellina, leaving thy fair frame,
Thou didst contemn those tombs of costly fame
Built by thy Roman ancestors, and liest
At Milan, where great Ambrose sleeps in Christ.
Hope, the dead's life, and Faith which never faints,
Made thee rest here, that thou mayst rise with Saints.

To this place, therefore, near Nola in Campania (a country lying within the realm of Naples, and called now by the inhabitants Terra di Lavoro), as to a certain harbour and recess from the clamours of their friends and the temptations of the world, did Paulinus and Therasia convey themselves. His affection to this holy Martyr [1] was very great: for frequenting Nola, when he was yet a youth, he would oftentimes steal privately to visit his sepulchre; and he loved the possessions which his father had left him in those parts above any other, because that under pretence of looking to his estate there, he had the convenience of resorting to the tomb of Felix, where he took in his 'first Love,' and in the seven-and-twentieth year of his age made a private vow to become a servant of JESUS CHRIST. This Felix was by descent a Syrian, though born in Nola, where his father, trafficking from the East into Italy, had purchased a very fair estate, which he divided afterwards betwixt him and his brother Hermias; but Felix, following Christ, gave all to his brother.

the See of Milan. The relics of S. Marcellina now rest under another inscription, beneath an altar dedicated to her in the Basilica. Vaughan translates but the first half of Simplician's epitaph.

[1] Paulinus calls him a Martyr [inasmuch as he had suffered many torments for Christ, albeit he was not slain]. V.

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The frequent miracles manifested at his tomb made the place famous and resorted to from most parts of the world. Saint Augustine, upon a controversy betwixt his presbyter Boniface and another fellow that accused him, when the truth of either side could not be certainly known, sent them both from Hippo to Nola, to have the matter decided upon oath before the tomb of Felix; and, in his one hundred and thirty-seventh Epistle, he sets down the reason why he sent them so far. His words are these: 'The holiness,' saith he, 'of that place where the body of Felix of Nola lies interred is famously known to many: I have therefore sent them thither, because that from thence I shall be more easily and truly informed about anything that shall be miraculously discovered concerning either of them.'

Paulinus had not lived very long in this place, but it pleased God to visit him with a very sharp and tedious sickness. He had now upon earth no comforter but Therasia. His estate was gone, and his contempt of that made the world contemn him. In this solitude and poverty, He that 'tries the reins and the heart' begins to take notice of this His new servant, and the first favour He conferred upon him was a disease. Good Angels do not appear without the ecstasy and passion of the seer: without afflictions and trials God will not be familiar with us. Fruit-trees, if they be not pruned, will first leave[1] to bear, and afterwards they will die. Nature, without she be dressed by the Hand that made her, will finally perish. He that is not favoured with visit-

[1] Cease.

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ations is, in Saint Paul's phrase, a bastard, and no son of the superior Jerusalem. Paulinus had put from him all occasions of worldly sorrows, but he wanted matter for heavenly joys. Without this disease he had not known so soon how acceptable his first services were unto his Master. This sickness was a pure stratagem of love: God visited him with it for this very purpose, that He Himself might be his cordial.

Man and the eagle see best in the daytime; they see by the light of this world: but the night-raven[1] is a bird of mystery, and sees in the dark by a light of her own. Paulinus thought now, like the servant of Elisha, that he had not a friend in all the world to be of his side; but God removed the mist from his eyes, and showed him a glorious army of Saints and Confessors, who, during the time of his sickness, did so throng and fill up his cottage and the fields about it, that neither his palace in Rome nor his house in Bordeaux could ever boast of such a number. These comforters he hath recorded with his own pen, in his first Epistle to Severus. 'Your men,' saith he, 'that were here with me have seen, and can tell you with what constant diligence all the Bishops and my brethren the clergy, with the common people my neighbours, did minister unto

[1] Paulinus will have the word which is commonly used in the Latin to be *Nicticora*, from *νύξ* and *κόρη*, which signifies the apple or the candle of the eye, and not from *κόραξ*. And this he saith was told him by a holy man that had lived a long time in the deserts of Egypt, where he observed the nature of this bird of night and the pelican. V.

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me all the time of my sickness. Unto you, who are unto me as my own soul, I take leave to boast and glory in this mercy of the Lord, Whose goodness it is that I am so plentifully comforted. There is not one Bishop in all Campania that did not come personally to visit me, and those whom either a farther distance, or their own infirmities, would not permit to travel, failed not to visit me by their presbyters and letters. The Bishops of Africa also, with the beginning of the Spring, sent their particular messengers and letters to comfort me.' Thus, he that 'forsakes houses and brethren and lands to follow Christ, shall receive an hundredfold even in this world, and in the world to come Life everlasting.'

As touching the letters, or embassage rather of the African Bishops to Paulinus, it happened on this manner: Alypius, the Bishop of Tagasta in Africa, had at Milan, as I intimated before, taken special notice of Paulinus: and the rumour of his conversion (as the actions of eminent and noble personages pass quickly into the most distant regions) had filled with joy not only the Churches of Africa, but the most remote corners of Christianity, even the very wilderness and the scattered isles, which in those days were more frequented by Christians than populous continents and splendid cities. Alypius, upon this, because he would not lose so fair an opportunity to ground his acquaintance, despatcheth a letter from Tagasta to Paulinus, to gratulate his conversion to the Faith, encouraging him withal to 'hold fast his crown;' and for a token, sent him five of Saint Augustine's books against the Manicheans, which

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in that age, when the invention of the press was not so much as thought of, was a rich present. Paulinus was so taken with the reading of these volumes, that he conceived himself not only engaged[1] to Alypius, but to Augustine also. Whereupon he sent his servant from Nola with letters, full of modesty and sweetness, to them both, and with particular commendations to other eminent lights of the Church, then shining in Africa. These letters, received by Augustine and Alypius, and communicated by them to the other Bishops and the African clergy, were presently copied out by all, and nothing now was more desired by them than a sight of this great Senator, who was turned a poor priest, and 'a fool,' as Saint Paul saith, 'for Christ His sake,' and 'the offscouring of the world.' But above all, the souls of holy Augustine and Paulinus, like Jonathan and David, or Jacob and Joseph, were knit together, and 'the life of the one was bound up in the life of the other.' The perfect love and union of these two can by none be more faithfully or more elegantly described than it is already by Saint Augustine himself. I shall therefore insert his own words, the words of that tongue of truth and charity[2]: 'O good man, O good brother! you lay hidden from my soul, and I spoke to my spirit that it should patiently bear it, because you are also hidden from my eyes; but it scarce obeys, yea, it refuseth to obey. How then shall I not grieve because I have not as yet

[1] Indebted.

[2] Augustin. ad Paulin. Epist. XXII. V. But correctly, Epist. XXXII.

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known your face, the habitation of your soul, which I am as well acquainted with as my own? . . . . For I have read your letters flowing with milk and honey, manifesting the simplicity of your heart in which you seek the Lord, thinking rightly of Him, and bringing Him glory and honour. Your brethren here have read them, and rejoice with an unwearied and unspeakable joy, for the bountiful and excellent gifts of God in you, which are your riches. As many as have read them snatch them from me, because when they read them they are ravished with them. How sweet an odour of Christ, and how fragrant, proceeds from them! It cannot be expressed how much those letters, while they offer you to be seen of us, excite us to seek for you; they make you both discerned and desired: for the more they represent you unto us, we are the more impatient of your absence. All men love you in them, and desire to be beloved of you. God is blessed and praised by all, through Whose grace you are such. There do we find that Christ is awaked by you, and vouchsafeth to rebuke the winds and the seas, that you may find them calm in your course towards Him. There is your dear wife stirred up not to be your leader to softness [1] and pleasures, but to Christian fortitude, becoming masculine again, and restored into the bones of her husband: whom we all with one voice salute and admire, being now united unto you, serving you in spiritual things wherein you are coupled with mutual embraces, which the more chaste they be are by so much the more firm. There do we see two cedars

[1] Luxury.

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of Libanus felled to the earth, which, joined together by love, make up one Ark, that cuts through the waves of this world without detriment or putrefaction. There glory, that it may be acquired, is contemned; and the world, that it may be obtained, is forsaken. There "the children of Babylon," whether little ones, or of maturer age (I mean the evils [1] of confusion and secular pride), "are dashed against the stones." Such sacred and delightful spectacles do your letters present unto us. O those letters of yours! Those letters of an unfeigned faith, those letters of holy hope, those letters of pure charity! How do they sigh and gasp with your pious thirst, your holy longings, and the ecstatical faintings of your soul for "the courts of the Lord!" What a most sacred love do they breathe; with what treasures of a sincere heart do they abound! How thankful to God, how earnest for more grace, how mild, how zealous, how full of light, how full of fruit! Whence is it that they do so please us, and so provoke us, so shower and rain upon us, and yet are so calm and so serene? What is this, I beseech you? or "what shall I return unto you" for these letters, unless I tell you that I am wholly yours in Him, Whose you are altogether? If this be too little, in truth I have no more.'

These were the first effects of Paulinus his letters; but shortly after Saint Augustine sent him others, nothing inferior to this first either in affection or piety. And the year following, being elected by Valerius to sit his coadjutor in the See of Hippo, where he afterwards succeeded him, it was resolved

[1] Possibly a misprint for 'devils.'

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by them all, namely by Valerius, Augustine, Alypius, Severus, and Profuturus, the African Bishops, that a messenger should be dispatched into Campania to present Paulinus with their several letters, and the sincere gratulations of their respective clergy: which accordingly was performed.

In the beginning of this year, which was the three hundred ninety and fifth after Christ, Theodosius Augustus the first, a most pious Emperor, and a nursing father of the Church, departed this life. The Ethnic writers, hating his memory as virulently as his person, laboured with all manner of lies and libels to render him odious and detestable to posterity. Holy Endelechius, awaked with these scandalous clamours, and the insolent aspersions cast upon so religious an Emperor, writes earnestly to Paulinus, and prevails with him to employ those excellent abilities bestowed upon him, in the defence of this faithful soldier of JESUS CHRIST, and champion of His Spouse. This task Paulinus performed, as appears by his own words in his ninth Epistle to Severus, to whom he sent a copy of his learned Panegyric, however posterity have suffered in the loss of it. But we want[1] not another witness. That learned Father, and happy translator of the Book of God[2], in his thirteenth Epistle to Paulinus, gives us a very fair and full account of it. 'Your book,' saith he, 'which elegantly and judiciously you composed in the defence of the Emperor Theodosius, and sent to me by Vigilantius[3], I have with much

[1] Lack. [2] S. Jerome.

[3] He proved afterwards a most detestable heretic. V.

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delight read over. What I admire in it is your method: for having excelled all other writers in the first parts, you excel yourself in the last. Your style is compact and neat, and with the perspicuity and pureness of Cicero, and yet weighty and sententious; for that writing which hath nothing commendable in it but words, is, as one saith, mere prating. The consequence [1] besides is very great, and the coherence exact. Whatever you infer is either the confirmation of the antecedent or the inchoation [2] of the subsequent. Most happy Theodosius, to be vindicated by such a learned orator of Christ! You have added to the glory of his imperial robe, and made the utility of his just laws sacred to posterity.' But this rare piece, with many more mentioned by Gennadius, either through the envy of the heathen or the negligence of our own, are unfortunately lost: especially a volume of Epistles written to his sister, with some controversial pieces against the Ethnic philosophers, mentioned also by Saint Augustine in his four and thirtieth Epistle, and a most learned Treatise of True Repentance, and The Glory of Martyrs.

Much about this time the name of Paulinus began to be famous in the East; and not only there, but in all parts of the Christian world. It is almost incredible, especially in this age of impieties and abominations, how much the example of this one man prevailed over all. The course he ran drew another wealthy and noble Roman (I mean Pammachius) from the Senate to the cell; and all the

[1] Sequence, continuity. [2] First process.

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Fathers of that age, when they pressed any to holy living, and a desertion of the world, brought in Paulinus for their great exemplar, and a star to lead them unto Christ. Saint Augustine propounds him to Romanianus and Licentius, Saint Hierome to Julian, and the daughters of Geruntius; and Saint Chrysostom, in his thirteenth Homily upon Genesis, sets him down for a pattern to the husbands, and Therasia to the wives. The reverend Bishop of Hippo did very earnestly solicit him to come over into Africa, and he gives his reason for it in these words[1]: 'Not unadvisedly do I entreat and earnestly desire and require you to come into Africa, where the inhabitants labour more now with the thirst of seeing you than with the famous thirstiness of the climate. God knows I ask it not for my private satisfaction, nor for those only who either by my mouth or by the public fame have heard of you; but for the rest, who either have not heard, or else, having heard, will not believe so great a change; but when they themselves shall see the truth, they will not only believe, but love and imitate. It is for their sakes, therefore, that I desire you to honour these parts with your bodily presence .... Let the eyes of our flocks also behold the glory of Christ in so eminent a couple, the great exemplars to both sexes to tread pride under their feet, and not to despair of attaining to perfection.' And in his fifty-ninth Epistle to Paulinus, when, according to the custom of those holy times, he had sent his presbyter to him to be instructed, 'he cannot,' saith he, 'profit more by my

[1] S. Augustin. ad Paulin. et Ther. Epist. XXXI.

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doctrine than he can by your life.' Saint Hierome useth the same engine to bring down the high thoughts of Julian[1]. 'Art thou,' saith he, 'nobly descended? So were Paulinus and Therasia, and far nobler in Christ. Art thou rich and honourable? So were they: and from the height of worldly riches became poor and inglorious, that they might gain Christ.' Dearly did Anastasius, who succeeded Siricius in the See of Rome, affect[2] this holy Bishop, as appears by his own words in his sixteenth Epistle to Delphinus the Bishop of Bordeaux.

But amidst all these triumphs of the Church of God, for the conversion of so eminent a person, and the frequent gratulations of learned men, expressed by their letters or personal visits, there were none that raged with so much hatred and malice against him as his own kindred and former acquaintance. 'A prophet hath no honour in his own country, and those of his own house will be his enemies.' There are no such persecutors of the Church as those that do it for self-ends, and their private advantage. Sweetly doth he complain of these bitter unnatural dealings in his fifth[3] Epistle to Severus. 'You are my brother now, by a greater Father than those who are tied to me by flesh and blood only. For where is now my great affinity by blood? Where are my old friends? where is my former acquaintance? I am become as a dream before them all, and as a "stranger to my own brothers, the sons of my

[1] Hieron. ad Iulian. Epist. XXXIV. [2] Esteem.
[3] Paulin. ad Sever. Epist. II, not V.

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mother." My kinsmen and my friends stand looking upon me afar off, and "they pass by me like hasty floods, or the streams of a brook that will not be stayed." They convey themselves away, and are ashamed of me, who displeased them by pleasing God.' And in his first Epistle, 'I beseech you,' saith he, 'if I shall have need (for now my servants, and those I made freemen, are become my despisers), that you would take care to send the old wine which I believe I have still at Narbonne, hither unto me, and to pay for the carriage: do not fear, dear brother, to make the poor your debtor.' The noble spirit is the bravest bearer of indignities: and certainly extraction and a virtuous descent (let popular flatterers preach what they will to the contrary!) is attended with more divinity, and a sweeter temper, than the indiscreet[1] issue of the multitude. There is an eminent difference betwixt flowers and weeds, though they spring from the same mould. The ape, contending with the lioness, told her that she was a very fair creature, but very barren. 'For you,' said the ape, 'bring forth but one at a birth, and I bring six, or more.' ''Tis true,' replied the lioness, 'but thy six are six apes, and my one is a lion[2].' The greatest part of men, which we commonly term the populacy, are a stiff uncivil generation, without any seed of honour or goodness, and sensible of nothing but private interest, and the base ways of acquiring it. What virtue, or what humanity may be expected from a Raymond Ca-

[1] Rude, ill-behaved.

[2] Aesop. Fab. CXXII. Only the 'ape' was a fox.

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banes, a Massaniello, or some son of a butcher[1]? They have one barbarous shift, which tigers and bears would blush to commit: they will cut the throat of their most generous and virtuous benefactors, to comply with [the] times, and advantage themselves; yea, they will rejoice to see them ruined, and like inhuman salvages[2], insult over their innocent and helpless posterity. I could compare those fawning hypocrites that wait not upon men, but upon their fortunes, to that smith's bitch in the Apologues

[1] This is a curious juxtaposition of names from the annals of Naples and the two Sicilies. Massaniello, a heroic demagogue, and Raimondo Cabanes, chiefly memorable now as the husband of a wicked wife, do not, though low born, deserve such scornful specific mention. It is possible that 'some son of a butcher' may be a hit at Cardinal Wolsey. That statesman, for a whole century prior to Vaughan's birth, was in the greatest traditional disrepute all over Breconshire, as the supposed agent of the ruin of his friend and rival Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, holder of the Lordship of Brecknock. This charge against Wolsey, probably invented by Polydore Vergil, and passed on by Holinshed and Weever, lacks any proof. Lord Herbert of Cherbury says, in his History of Henry the Eighth: 'Thus ended [May 17, 1521] this illustrious and high-born Duke of Buckingham, much lamented by the people, who libelled the Cardinal for it, calling him Carnificis Filium, a butcher's son.' As is well known, he was literally such, as well as metaphorically. Stafford's fall was one of the things which, in that stormy time, touched popular and local feeling to the quick. If Vaughan meant Wolsey, it is a veiled allusion, but the interpretation can hardly be a forced one, since Vaughan's personal allusions are never otherwise than veiled.

[2] The old form of 'savages.'

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of Locmannus the Persian, which, sleeping in the forge, could not be awaked with all the noise of the hammers, the anvil, and the bellows; but if the smith would offer to stir his teeth to eat, she would start up presently, and attend upon him with all officiousness. She would share with him in the fruits of his labours, but would not watch and look to the shop one minute while he laboured.

Paulinus had now first lost these false friends, but was loaded for it with the love and commendations of true ones; and I know not which offended him most, to be despised by the first, or commended by the last. He had, like Saint Paul, great heaviness, and continual sorrow of heart, to see that his 'brethren and kinsmen according to the flesh,' hated him because he loved Christ: and on the other side, his humility would not suffer him to bear the labour of love, I mean the general applause and sincere commendations conferred upon him by his Christian friends. Severus, in one of his Epistles written to him (after he had spent some lines in the commendation of his zeal and constancy), contrary to the custom of that plain age, subscribed himself his servant. To the first he replied[1] that his excessive love had drawn him to the sin of untruth. And the last he desired him to desist from, for this reason: 'Have a care hereafter,' saith he, 'that you who are a servant of Christ, called unto liberty, term not yourself the servant of a sinner, and of one that is not worthy to be called your fellow-servant.' The virtue of humility will not excuse the vice of

[1] Paulin. ad Sever. Epist. VIII.

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flattery. Thus Gregory the Great, when Pope Anastasius had exceeded towards him in his laudatory elocutions, blasted them all with this humble reply: 'Your calling me the mouth of the Lord, a shining light, and a strong helper, is nothing else but an augmentation of my iniquity; for when I deserve to be punished for my sins, then do I, instead of punishment, receive praise[1].' Severus, in another of his Epistles to Paulinus[2], earnestly entreated him to suffer his picture to be taken by a limner which he had sent to him for that purpose, that he might have it to set up, together with the picture of Saint Martin, before the sacred Font, in a fair Church which Severus was then in building. This friendly motion Paulinus was very much offended with, and would by no means consent unto, telling Severus that too much love had made him mad; and in his eighth Epistle, reasoning with him about this request, 'What kind of picture,' saith he, 'would you have from me, the picture of the earthly, or the heavenly man? I know that you love only that incorruptible image which the King of Heaven doth love in you. . . . . I am ashamed to picture what I am, and I dare not picture what I am not.' But Severus, resolving to force it from him, would not be satisfied with any other return, whereupon he sent it to him, with these following verses, the elegant express[3] of his unfeigned humility. The

[1] Gregorius Anastasio Episcopo, Oct., A. D. 590. In Registrum Epistolarum, Mon. German. Histor., Ewald's edition, Tom. 1, Pars i, f. 9.

[2] Now lost.

[3] Expression.

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first copy relates to the pictures, and the latter to the Font[1]:

You that to wash your flesh and souls draw near,
Ponder these two examples set you here:
Great Martin shows the holy life and white;
Paulinus to repentance doth invite.
Martin's pure harmless life took Heaven by force;
Paulinus took it by tears and remorse.
Martin leads through victorious palms and flowers;
Paulinus leads you through the pools and showers.
You that are sinners, on Paulinus look!
You that are Saints, great Martin is your book.
The first example bright and holy is;
The last, though sad and weeping, leads to bliss.

The verses relating to the Font were these:

Here the great Well-spring of washed souls, with beams
Of living light, quickens the lively streams;
The Dove descends, and stirs them with her wings,
To wed[2] these waters to the upper springs.
They strait conceive; a new birth doth proceed
From the bright streams by an immortal seed.
O the rare love of God! Sinners washed here,
Come forth pure Saints, all justified and clear.
So blest in death and life, man dies to sins,
And lives to God: sin dies and life begins
To be revived: old Adam falls away,
And the new lives, born for eternal sway.

Nor did the manners of holy Paulinus differ from his mind: all his garments, all the utensils of his poor cot, were so many emblems and mementoes of humility. Grace is an elixir of a contrary nature to

[1] Both poems are taken from Paulin. ad Sever. Epist. XII.

[2] Misprinted 'so weds.'
Sanctus in hunc coelo descendit Spiritus amnem
Coelestique sacras fonte maritat aquas:
Concipit unda Deum.

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the philosopher's stone; it turned all the gold and silver vessels of this great Senator into earthen dishes and wooden spoons. Righteousness and honesty are always poor. In his first Epistle to Severus, he presents him with some of this innocent furniture: 'I have sent you,' saith he, 'a platter made of a box-tree, for a testimonial of my riches; receive it as a pledge or earnest of evangelical poverty, and let it be an example to you, if as yet you will make use of any silver platters.' To this he adds that he was very desirous to be supplied with some more earthen dishes, which, saith he, 'I do very much love;' and then subscribes his reason, 'because they are near kin to us by Adam, and because the treasure of the Lord is committed to our care in such vessels.' Certainly poverty (as man is now to be considered), is his best and his true estate. Riches, though they make themselves wings, yet do they not fly to heaven. The home or house of gold is the heart of the earth, and minerals are a fuel of hell-fire. Poverty was the inauguration of the first man, who was made naked; and all his posterity are born so. 'This only have I found,' saith Solomon, 'that God made man upright, but he hath sought out many inventions.' By covetousness we lose our uprightness. We come here light and easy, but we load ourselves afterwards with unnecessary burthens. *Perditio tua ex te*[1]: these weights that we take up sink us down. Our temporal misery, as well as[2] the eternal, is from ourselves. The merriest

[1] Thy ruin is [sprung] from thyself.
[2] 'At' in the original.

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creature, that I can see, is the sparrow[1]. This makes me think that he is not troubled with forethoughts, which are the hands of covetousness. What man and beasts scatter and leave behind them is his provision: his table is laid everywhere, and the first bush he meets with is his bed. Our Saviour, who knew the nature and thoughts of all created things, was pleased to send us to school to the birds. They are always full of musical liveliness, and a certain bright freedom which descends not so low as men and beasts. Spirits, when they have business upon earth, must assume bodies. Clarity and purification is a kind of poverty: it is a state that hath[2] cast off dregs and burthens. Divine is that saying of Pisides[3]:

Poor habits are naturally Heaven-seekers.

But Paulinus, though he was poor, yet was he charitable, and withal liberal. The widow's mite

[1] Paulinus calls Christ, mystically, a sparrow. ['This is that Sparrow . . . which to those who seek Him, showeth Himself gaily in the ways; now in the gates may He be met, now He runneth in the streets; now upon the walls, or in high towers, He calleth His lovers unto Him, and inviteth them unto the lofty places of His habitation, that He may fulfil His word, and, lifted up, draw all things unto Him. Who will give us the silver wings of a dove . . . that, being fledged, we may attain the heights of our calling, following that lonely Sparrow, the Only Son of God, flying far overhead, He Who dwelleth on high, Who humbleth Himself to behold the things that are in Heaven and in the earth?'] V. This is from scattered passages in Paulin. ad Sanctum et Amandum, Epist. XXVI.

[2] 'Have' in original.

[3] Georgius Pisides, *Εἰς τὸν Μάταιον Βίον.*

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is more than the rich men's abundance. In the four hundred and tenth year after Christ, when the Goths raged in Italy, and had sacked Nola, Paulinus, amongst many others, was taken prisoner by them; and 'thus,' saith Saint Augustine[1], 'as I afterwards learned from him, did he then pray in his heart: "O Lord, suffer me not to be troubled with the loss of gold and silver, for Thou knowest where all my riches are laid up!"' His treasure was laid up in Heaven, where He commanded us to lay it, Who foretold that these calamities should come upon the world. And God, without doubt, had regard unto his prayer; for the barbarous enemy leading all the rest into captivity, he only was left behind. But amongst all these plunderings and outward afflictions, he never failed in his daily alms to the poor, nor was the hand of his faithful Therasia any way shortened. At last, his store failing, and no more provision being left than only one loaf of bread, a poor man coming to the door for relief, Paulinus commands it should be given him. But Therasia, arguing with herself that no beggar could be poorer than Paulinus now was, and that it was as much charity to keep it for him as to give it to another, concealed the loaf, and suffered the poor man to go without it. A day or two after, some men that were sent with relief to Paulinus, from his friends, arrive at Nola, and tell him that they had been there much sooner, had not one of the ships which was loaded with corn, been cast away almost in the harbour; the rest that were

[1] S. Augustin. De Civitate Dei Lib. i, cap. ix. V. But correctly, cap. x.

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fraught with wine and other victuals, being come safe to shore. Whereupon Paulinus, turning towards Therasia, put her in mind of her overmuch carefulness, with these words: 'Understand now, Therasia, that this great ship, full laden with corn, was cast away for that one loaf of bread which thou didst steal from the poor man.'

But pass we now to his episcopal dignity. In his own works we have not one line that mentions this ecclesiastical honour, nor any other passage of his life that might but seem to conduce to his own glory. They breathe nothing but humility, nothing but self-denial and dedignation [1]. We must be guided then, through this part of his life, by other authors, and such faithful records as are come unto us from the hands of learned and public persons, who either upon the general interest and concernments [2] of the Church, or their own private merits, and not by reflection [3], were acquainted with him. The first that offers himself to us is Uranius, his own presbyter, who in that short narration which he wrote of his life [4], sets him forth to posterity in this following character: 'When he was honoured,' saith he, 'with the highest degree in the priesthood, he did not show himself such a Bishop that desired to be feared, but one that endeavoured to be beloved. He was never so far angry as not in his anger to show mercy. Nor could that man indeed be angry, for he regarded not

[1] Disclaiming of worth, self-contemning. [2] Affairs.
[3] Not by hearsay.
[4] Uranii Presbyteri De Obitu S. Paulini Nolensis Episcopi ad Pacatum Epistola.

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calumnies, and he avoided hatred. He never sat in judgement but mercy sat close by him. He was truly such a Bishop as laboured to get the love of all. For he lived a consolation to all, and their great example, to make sure their salvation. Nor is this my voice only: even the barbarous nations who knew my Lord Paulinus by report only, will testify as much. And worthily was he beloved of all, who was a friend to all. For who was there cast down, and he did not lift him up? Whoever called to him for help, and was not piously and comfortably answered? For he was pious, tender-hearted, humble and courteous, hating none, despising none. He gave to all, he cherished all; he encouraged the fearful, pacified the violent: those with his words, these with his example. Some he comforted with his letters, and those that wanted, with his money. He loved not any riches, nor any treasures, but those which Christ promised to His followers. Gold and silver, and the other accommodations of life, he approved of, if they were liberally given to the poor, not covetously hoarded up. Briefly, he had in him all goodness, for he loved Christ. He had faith, meekness, love towards his neighbours, a constant care of the poor, compassion upon the weak, and laboured for nothing in his life but peace and charity. All his endeavours were to make men good, and to save their souls. What place is there in the world, what solitude, what seas, which acknowledge not the good works of holy Paulinus? All men desired his acquaintance, and did extremely long to have a sight of him. Whoever came to him without joy, or

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who went from him but he desired to stay longer? Those that could not see him in the body, desired to see him in his writings; for he was sweet and gentle in his Epistles, elegant and ravishing in his Poems. What more shall I say? The relations that may be given of him would be scarce credible, but that his known integrity is above falsehood.'

Nola was at this time a very famous and splendid city, nothing inferior to the best emporiums of Italy, and had withal a very rich See; which, questionless[1], was a great occasion that the piety of this blessed Bishop was so renowned, and so familarly spoken of in the most remote parts of the world. So the just and faithful God exalteth those that humble themselves, and honours those that honour Him. He had been faithful in those things that were his own, and was therefore entrusted with the treasures of the Church. Prosper in his second book, De Vita Contemplativa, and the ninth chapter, tells us how he disposed of them: 'Holy Paulinus,' saith he, 'as you best know, sold all those princely possessions which were his own, and gave of them to the poor: but when he was afterwards consecrated Bishop, he neglected not the revenues of the Church, but was a most faithful steward and dispenser of them: so faithful, that when he lay upon his deathbed, he had not one piece left to relieve himself, but was driven to lay out, for some clothes which he had given to the poor, a small sum of money which God ordained to be sent to him for that very purpose, a little before the hour of his dissolution. So that

[1] Without question.

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living and dying, he kept to the Apostle's rule, and 'owed no man anything but love.' He was a great lover of learned and holy men, and confesseth in one of his Epistles to Alypius [1], that his affection to Saint Ambrose was the first inducement which he felt to incline him to Christianity. His dearest and most intimate friends were Saint Augustine, Saint Ambrose, Saint Hierome, Saint Martin the Bishop of Tours, Delphinus the Bishop of Bordeaux, and Amandus his successor, Alypius the Bishop of Tagasta, Januarius the Bishop of Naples, afterwards a Martyr, Victricius the Rhotomagensis, Aper, Severus, and Nicetas of Dacia. I may say of him as the Scripture saith of Moses, he was 'the meekest man upon the face of the earth.' He was not only obedient and serviceable to these Fathers and pillars of the Church, but to his own presbyters and domestics: he judged himself the most unworthy, and the most unable [2], of all his brethren. Victor the monk (sent from Severus to see him), according to the custom of those times, washed his feet. This was a ceremony which, in that age of holiness, could not be refused. But Victor by this did not only wash his feet, but his face also; for he drew tears from him, because he might not deny him the performance of that evangelical service. 'He served me, a sinner,' saith the holy Bishop, 'and woe is to me because I suffered him [3].' But he stayed not at tears, for as soon as Victor had done washing his feet, to requite his service he fetched him clean water, and held the

[1] Paulin. ad Alypium Epist. XLV.
[2] Incompetent. [3] Paulin. ad Sever. Epist. XXIII.

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basin while he washed his hands. He was not like that insolent Abbot that did cast off his humility with his cowl, and being asked by his brethren why he was then so proud, that was formerly such a humble monk, made answer, that in his monachism, when he went so low and stooping, he was searching for the keys of the Abbey; but now having found them, he did hold up his head to ease himself[1].

This true carriage of an evangelist made him both honoured and beloved; the Church rejoiced, and glorified God for him, and the Court admired him. Holiness is a light that cannot be hidden: it is a candle set upon a hill. Stars never shine more glorious than when they are near black clouds. In

[1] The 'insolent Abbot' is rather that great reforming Pope, Sixtus V, much enfeebled at the time of his election in 1585. He is said to have stood upright at once, intoning the Te Deum, and answered a query much as in the text. The whole anecdote is apocryphal, and was apparently either invented or first repeated from inaccurate gossip by Gregorio Leti. Storia della Vita e delle Gesta di Sisto Quinto, Sommo Pontefice, scritta dal P. M. Casimiro Tempesti dell' Ordine dei Minori Conventuali di S. Francesco, Nuova Edizione con Aggiunte e Note, Roma, 1866, Vol. I, p. 185. Note by the Editor:—'L'anonimo scrittore della Vita manoscritta di Sisto V. aggiunge che fece meraviglia di vedere il nuovo Papa . . . stare ritto della persona e pieno di maestà, per cui uno dei porporati gli disse: "Vostra Santità ha oggi un contegno ben diverso da quello di jeri." . . . Al che il nuovo Papa rispose: "Mentre eravamo Cardinali, andavamo col capo basso, perchè cercavamo le chiavi del cielo: ora che le abbiamo trovate, guardiamo il cielo." Ma tutte queste particolarità sono che una leggenda . . . cose ricordate da nessuno scrittore contemporaneo, ma che tuttavia corrono nella tradizione popolare.'

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the year of our Lord four hundred and nineteen, a grievous schism then happening in the Church, there was a convention of certain Bishops and Fathers at Rome, to quiet those groundless perturbations, and stop the breach. But Honorius the Emperor, judging by his skill in[1] the temper of those Churchmen, that no good would be done without the presence of Paulinus, who then lay sick at Nola, dispatched his imperial letter to this holy Bishop, wherein he earnestly entreated him, if possible, to shake off the present indisposition, and to repair in person to the Synod, lest that great blessing of peace, which he and the Church did earnestly hope and long for, might, by his absence, unfortunately miscarry. This royal record (because it is a monument of no less sincerity than concernment[2], and discovers unto us much of the face of those times) I shall verbatim insert.

'*To the holy and reverend Father, Paulinus, Bishop of Nola.*

Such a firm opinion have we that nothing can be agreed and concluded upon by the Bishops met in this Synod, Your Holiness, by reason of your bodily indisposition, being not able to travel hither, that for your only absence it is not like to continue: in the meantime offences triumph and rejoice at it, and the old and wicked sin of ambition, which of a long time desires to contend even with your holiness and upright life, presumes now, and is confident, that having forcibly taken the wall from us, it will carry you also

[1] Knowledge of. [2] Pertinence.

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against the wholesomeness of apostolical institution. Oh, cause truly worthy not to be determined but by your holy life, which is your crown! We therefore declare unto you that we have suspended our judgement for the present, that we may have the truth of these divine precepts pronounced by your reverend mouth, who have both followed them and fulfilled them: for none can be a fit arbiter of those rules but he that hath approved himself worthy and conformable to apostolical discipline. Wherefore, holy Sir, worthily reverend Father, the faithful servant of God and His divine work, we entreat you particularly, that slighting the troubles of this journey, you would favour us with this gift and tribute, if I may so speak, of your presence: and laying aside all other concernments, so far as your health and ease will permit, be in your own person at this Synod, and vouchsafe to lend your assistance to our desires, and that blessing which we earnestly long for.'

We see by this letter in what account he was with the Emperor, and that his integrity and holiness were not dissimulations and popular fables, but experimental truths so known and so believed: he was a true Christian and no impostor. It was not the custom, but the nature, if I may so say, of those primitive times to love holy and peaceful men. But some great ones, in this later age, did nothing else but countenance schismatics and seditious railers, the despisers of dignities, that covered their abominable villanies with a pretence of transcendent holiness, and a certain sanctimonious excellency, above the sons of men. This veil (which then cozened weak eyes)

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is now fallen off their faces, and most of their patrons have by an unthought-of method received their rewards. The rest, without doubt, though they shift themselves into a thousand shapes, shall not escape Him 'Whose anger is not yet turned away, but His hand is stretched out still.'—But return we to Paulinus, whose charity and tenderness towards the poor was both inimitable and incredible. This iron age wants faith as well as mercy. When he had given them all he had, to the last that begged he gave himself. Gregory the Great, in the third Book of his Dialogues and the first chapter, hath recorded this memorable passage. (I shall cut it short, and in as few words as conveniently may be give you all that is material.) When the Vandals had miserably wasted Campania, and carried many of the inhabitants into Africa, blessed Paulinus gave all that he had, both towards his own sustenance and the relief of the poor, amongst the prisoners and captives. The enemy being departed, and his prey with him, a poor widow whose only son was, amongst the rest of the natives, by a son-in-law of the King of the Vandals carried into bondage, comes to petition Paulinus for so much money as might serve to redeem him. Paulinus told her that he had nothing then left, either in money or other goods, but promised, if she would accept of him, to go with her into Africa, and to be exchanged for her son. The poor widow, taking this for a mere scoff, turns her back to be gone. Paulinus follows after, and with much ado made her believe that he meant it, as he did indeed, in earnest. Upon this, they travelled both

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into Africa, and having opportunity to speak with the King's son-in-law, the poor widow begged of him first to have her son restored unto her gratis; but the youthful and haughty Vandal, averse to all such requests, would hear her no farther: whereupon she presents him with Paulinus, and petitioned to have her son set at liberty, and the other to serve in his stead. The Prince, taken with the comely and reverend countenance of Paulinus, asked him what his occupation or trade was? Paulinus answered that he never followed any trade, but that he had good skill in dressing of herbs and flowers. Upon this, the Prince delivered her son to the widow, who took him home with her, and sent Paulinus to work into his gardens.

The Prince, delighting much in flowers and sallets[1], would very frequently visit Paulinus, and took such delight in him that he forsook all his Court associates to enjoy the company of his new gardener. In one of these visits, Paulinus, taking occasion to confer seriously with him, advised him to be very careful of himself, and to consider speedily of some means to secure and settle the kingdom of the Vandals in Mauritania[2]; 'for,' said he, 'the King your father-in-law will shortly die.' The Prince,

[1] Vegetables, as before.

[2] This was about the year of our Lord 428, about which time the Vandals after their excursions through Polonia, Italy, Franconia and Andalusia, had settled in Africa, where they continued quietly until the reign of Justinian, but rebelling against him, they were, together with their King Gillimer, totally overthrown by the great captain Belisarius, An. Christi 533. V.

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something troubled with the sudden news, without further delay acquaints the King with it; and tells him withal that his gardener, whose prediction this was, excelled all other men both in wisdom and learning. Whereupon the King requested that he might see him. 'You shall,' replied the Prince, 'for to-morrow when you are at dinner, I will give orders that he shall come in person, with the dishes of sallet, to the table.' This being agreed upon, and accordingly performed, the old tyrant, upon the first sight of Paulinus, exceedingly trembled, and speaking to his daughter, who sat next to him, to call to her husband, he told him that the prediction of his gardener was very true; 'for yesternight,' said he, 'I saw in a dream a great tribunal, with judges sitting thereon; and amongst them this gardener, by whose judgement a scourge which had been formerly put into my hands was taken from me. But learn of him what his profession is, and what dignity he had conferred upon him in his own country, for I cannot believe him to be, as he pretends, an inferior or ordinary person.'

As soon as dinner was ended, the Prince stole from the presence into the garden, and earnestly entreated Paulinus to tell him who he was. 'I am,' said he, 'your gardener, which you received in exchange for the widow's son.' 'I know that,' replied the Prince, 'but I desire to know your profession in your own country, and not the servitude you have put yourself in, with me, for the present.' To this Paulinus answered that he was by profession a Bishop, and a servant of JESUS CHRIST, the Son of

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the living God. At these words the Prince was mightily troubled, and requested him to depart again into his own country, assuring him, that before he departed, he would give him anything that he should please demand. Paulinus replied that he would desire nothing but to have those captives, which were carried out of Campania, set at liberty, and transported to their native country. To this the Prince consented, and for Paulinus his sake furnished them with shipping and all other necessaries for their voyage, and sent them home, joyful in the company of their blessed and beloved Bishop.

Some few days after, the old tyrant, as God had foretold by His holy servant, departed out of this world 'into his own place;' and so that scourge which God had put into his hand, for the punishment of a great part of the Christian world, was taken away, and the instrument cast into the fire. Wherefore, whoever thou beest that readest this book, and art a sufferer thyself, or dost see and grieve for the calamities of the Church, 'the oppression of the poor, and the violent perverting of judgement and justice' in a province, do not thou marvel at the matter, nor vex thyself; for 'He that is higher than the highest regardeth it, and there be higher than they.' Envy not the glory of sinners, for thou knowest not what will be their end; but submit thyself under the mighty hand of God, expecting with patience the time of refreshing; and I do assure thee, upon my soul, thou shalt not be deceived.

Paulinus, with all his joyful captives, was now landed in Campania, where all the inhabitants, as

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upon a solemn feast-day, flocked together to welcome him, and to pour their joys into his bosom; some received their sons, some their brothers, and some their husbands: both the receivers and the received were beholding[1] to Paulinus. They commended, honoured, and admired him; he exhorted, encouraged, and confirmed them. Mutual consolations are a double banquet: they are the Church's Eulogy[2], which we both give and take. What the Campanians most admired in Paulinus was that which the Scripture commends in Moses: youthfulness in old age. He was now as earnest, as hearty, and as active for the glory of God, as in his most vigorous years. His spiritual force was not abated, 'nor the eye of his soul any way dimmed.' He did not cool towards his setting, but grew more large, more bright, and more fervent. Bearing trees, when their fruit is ripe, bend their boughs, and offer themselves to the gatherer's hands. He knew that his time of departure was at hand, and therefore, Moses-like, he made his 'doctrine to drop as the rain, and his speech distil as the dew.' He poured out his milk and his wine, and made them drink abundantly. To labour in the heat of the day, and to give over in the cool, is great indiscretion: the contention should be always hottest towards the end of the race.

I am now come to my last paragraph, which all this while I did reserve for his works of piety. And these indeed, if we consider his unworldliness

[1] Beholden.

[2] Bread given to be blessed, but not consecrated, and distributed in Church as a symbol of brotherly love.

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and religious poverty, were very great and very sumptuous. He repaired and beautified the four old Basilicas or Churches dedicated to the Martyr Felix, and built the fifth, which exceeded them all both for beauty and largeness. This he dedicated to our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST. It was adorned with two stately porches, the one opened towards the way of public resort, the other was a private postern; and the path leading to it was through a pleasant green field set with fruit-trees and other shady wood, fenced about with a very high and sumptuous wall. The entrance into this court was through a fair marble gate, in whose front were cut these following verses [1]:

Through pleasant green fields enter you the way
To bliss; and well through shades and blossoms may
The walks lead here, from whence directly lies
The good man's path to sacred Paradise.

This Church was joined to the other four, and an entrance made from the one into the other, by high and spacious arches, supported with pillars of marble. Through these pillars, whose height did almost reach to the roof, as through a traverse [2], was to be seen by those that came from the old Church into the new, the picture of the Cross, limned in most

[1] Paulin. ad Sever. Versus apud Epist. XII.

[2] One of the architectural meanings of 'traverse' is a gallery or loft, having an open vista. The new 'limning' of the Rood, probably over the chancel arch, was in as full view from the old Church, the westernmost nave, as if all the rest had been but a columned perspective built to show it.

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lively and glorious colours, and hung with garlands of palms and flowers; above it shone a clear and luminous sky, and on the Cross, which was all purple, sat, perching, a flock of white doves; at the bottom of this paisage[1] were written these verses[2]:

The painful Cross with flowers and palms is crowned,
Which prove it springs, though all in blood 'tis drowned;
The doves above it show, with one consent,
Heaven opens only to the innocent.

In the courts belonging to this Church were very fair and spacious walks paved with stone, and covered overhead against the violence of weather. The outside was supported with pillars, and the inner was divided into neat and cleanly cells, opening towards the walks, where the people, that came thither to celebrate the Vigils[3] of Felix, reposed themselves. Round about these courts were great cisterns, and lavers[4] of several kinds of marble, most curiously polished, whose diverse forms and colours were very delightful, and much recreated the beholders. The porches, which were very large, and contained within them many private oratories or places of prayer, were all richly pictured with sacred histories out of the Pentateuch, the Book[s] of Joshua, Judges, and Ruth. This Church is fully described in his twelfth Epistle to Severus, and his ninth

[1] Landscape.
[2] Paulin. ad Sever. Versus apud Epist. XII.
[3] The Office of the eve of his Feast.
[4] Basins for washing, placed at Church-doors, in the East, for the ablutions of those who came to worship.

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Natalis, when Nicetas came out of Dacia to see him:

You see what splendour through the spacious isle,
As if the church were glorified, doth smile.
The ivory-wrought beams seem to the sight
Ingraven, while the carved roof looks curled and bright.
On brass hoops to the upmost vaults we tie
The hovering lamps, which nod and tremble by
The yielding cords; fresh oil doth still repair
The waving flames, vexed with the fleeting air.

Having finished this Church, he built another not far from Nola, in a little town called Fundi, where his possessions, which he afterwards sold and gave to the poor, were situate. This also he dedicated to our Lord JESUS, whom he used to call the Saint of Saints, and the Martyr of Martyrs[1]. In this Church, in the great aisle leading to the Altar, he caused to be put up another piece of limning, or sacred paisage, which for beauty and excellency exceeded all the former. We have it most lively described and explained, in these following verses[2]:

The pains of saints, and saints' rewards are twins:
The sad Cross, and the Crown which the Cross wins.
Here Christ, the Prince both of the Cross and Crown,
Amongst fresh groves, and lilies fully blown,
Stands, a white Lamb bearing the purple Cross:
White shows His pureness, red His blood's dear loss:
To ease his sorrows the chaste turtle sings,
And fans Him, sweating blood, with her bright wings;
While from a shining cloud the Father eyes
His Son's sad conflict with His enemies,
And on His blessed head lets gently down
Eternal Glory made into a crown.

[1] Paulin. ad Sever. Versus apud Epist. XII. [2] Idem.

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About Him stand two flocks of differing notes,
One of white sheep, and one of speckled goats.
The first possess His right hand, and the last
Stand on His left: the spotted goats are cast
All into thick deep shades, while from His right
The white sheep pass into a whiter light[1].

But in all these sacred buildings, our most pious and humble Bishop did not so much as dream of merit. He thought, as blessed Mr. Herbert[2] did, that they were good works, if sprinkled with the blood of Christ; otherwise he thought them nothing. It will not be amiss, nor perhaps needless, to produce his own words in his own defence[3]: '"Unless the Lord build the house, we labour in vain to build it." Let us therefore,' saith he, 'pray to the Lord, that while we outwardly build unto Him these visible buildings, He would build inwardly in us those which are invisible, that is to say, the "house not made with hands." How can a servant merit by making use of his master's goods? All we do, and all we give, are but His concessions and favours first given unto us. *Cum suis et hic et ibi rebus locupletamur*[4]: in this world, and in the world to come, all our magnificence is but His munificence.' But Paulinus was not only outwardly pious, but inwardly

[1] In a way not unusual with him, Vaughan takes fire as he translates, and exceeds his model. Compare with his closing lines the matter-of-fact:

Bis geminae pecudis discors agnis genus haedi
Circumstant solium. Laevos avertitur haedos
Pastor, et emeritos dextra complectitur agnos.

[2] George Herbert the poet.

[3] Paulin. ad Severum Epist. XII.

[4] Both here and there are we enriched with His riches.

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also. He did so abound with private devotions that all the time, from his Baptism to his burial, may be truly called his prayer-time. All that he did think, all that he did speak, and all that he did write, was pure devotion. Either public or private prayers took up all his time. Our Saviour tells us that God's elects 'cry day and night unto Him,' and Saint Paul adviseth us to 'pray without ceasing,' and 'in everything to give thanks,' for this, saith he, 'is the will of God in CHRIST JESUS concerning you.' Holy Paulinus called Saint Paul his master. Having made himself his disciple, he would not neglect his commands: 'If you continue in My Word,' saith our Saviour, 'then are you My disciples indeed[1].'

To this I shall add his conformity and obedience to the Church: a blessing of no small consequence in all ages, especially in this age of schisms and heresies. He highly honoured the memory of the Saints of God, and was a most cheerful and devout observer of sacred Festivals, or Holy Days. His pious affection to these blessed seasons, together with the necessity and convenience of them, he hath most elegantly and learnedly demonstrated in his poems[2].

ENGLISHED THUS.

Those sacred days by tedious time delayed
While the slow years' bright line about is laid,
I patiently expect, though much distressed
By busy longing and a love-sick breast:

[1] S. John viii. 31.
[2] Paulini Natalis Nonus in Honorem S. Felicis.

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I wish they may outshine all other days,
Or when they come, so recompense delays
As to outlast the Summer-hour's bright length,
Or that famed day, when stopped by divine strength,
Doubling men's labours, and adjourning night,
The sun did tire the world with his long light.

. . . . . .

As the bright sky with stars, the field with flowers,
The years with differing seasons, months and hours,
God hath distinguished and marked, so He
With sacred Feasts did ease and beautify
The working days: because that mixture may
Make men (loth to be holy every day)
After long labours, with a freer will
Adore their Maker, and keep mindful still
Of holiness by keeping Holy Days:
For otherwise they would dislike the ways
Of piety as too severe: To cast
Old customs quite off, and from sin to fast,
Is a great work. To run which way we will
On plains is easy; not so up a hill.
Hence 'tis our good God Who would all men bring
Under the covert of His saving wing,
Appointed at set times His solemn feasts,
That by mean[1] services men might at least
Take hold of Christ as by the hem, and steal
Help from His lowest skirts, their souls to heal.
For the first step to Heaven is to live well
All our life long, and each day to excel
In holiness: but since that tares are found
In the best corn, and thistles will confound
And prick my heart with vain cares, I will strive
To weed them out on Feast-days, and so thrive
By handfuls, till I may full life obtain,
And not be swallowed of eternal pain.

Two places upon earth were most renowned with the memory of our Saviour: Bethlehem for His Birth, and Mount Calvary for His Passion. To

[1] Intermediate.

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extirpate all remembrance of His Humanity out of these places, Hadrian the persecutor caused the idol of Jupiter to be set up and worshipped in Mount Calvary, and in Bethlehem he built a Mosque for that Egyptian block Adonis, which idolatrous Jews called Thamuz. Some men amongst us[1] have done the like. Two seasons in the year were consecrated by the Church to the memory of our Saviour: the Feast of His Nativity and Circumcision, and the Feast of His Passion and Resurrection. These two they have utterly taken away, endeavouring, in my opinion, to extinguish the memory of His Incarnation and Passion, and to rase[2] His blessed Name out of those bright columns of light which the Scripture calls days. They will not allow Him two days in the year, Who made the days and the nights. But it is much to be feared, that He who hath appointed their days here, will allow them for it long nights.

Holy Paulinus had now attained a good old age; the forerunners, as Master Herbert[3] saith, were come, and the 'almond tree did flourish.' He was all white with years, and worshipped, like Jacob, 'leaning upon the top of his staff.' His virtuous and dear Therasia had died, I believe, long before this time; God having ordained him to be hindmost, who was the stronger vessel, and best able

[1] The Puritans, who abolished the celebration of Christmas and Easter. Vaughan does not try to understand their reasons, nor allows them any reason but impiety.

[2] Printed 'race' in the original: an error for 'rase,' the common seventeenth-century form of 'erase.'

[3] 'That blessed man George Herbert,' as before.

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to bear her absence, and the unavoidable disconsolations of flesh and blood. And now, having for some time stood gazing after her, he begins to follow, God visiting him with a strong pain in the side, which in a few days did set him at liberty to overtake her, by breaking the prison.

Three days before his dissolution, Symmachus and Hyacinthinus, two Bishops of his acquaintance, came to visit him; whereupon he spoke to Uranius his presbyter, that he should be prepared to attend him in the administration of the Sacrament; 'for,' said he, 'I desire to receive It in the company of my brethren, which are now come to see me.' This sacred solemnity was no sooner ended, but suddenly he began to ask where his brothers were. One that stood by, supposing he had asked for the two Bishops, answered: 'Here they be.' 'I know that,' replied Paulinus, 'but I ask for my brothers Januarius and Martin, who were here with me just now, and promised to come to me again[1].' And having thus spoken, he looked up towards Heaven, and with a voice as cheerful as his countenance, which seemed to shine and revive with joy, he sung out the one hundred and twentieth Psalm: 'I lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, Who made Heaven and earth.'

This being done, Posthumianus, another presbyter that was then present, told Paulinus that there were forty shillings unpaid for the clothes which he had

[1] Januarius was Bishop of Naples and a Martyr, and Martin was the Bishop of Tours in France. V.

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given to the poor before he fell sick. To this Paulinus replied, with a smile, that he remembered it very well: and 'Son,' said he, 'take no thought for it; for believe me, there is One that will not be wanting to pay the debt of the poor.' The words were no sooner out of his mouth, but presently there comes in from the parts of Lucania, now called Basilicata, a presbyter sent from the holy Bishop Exuperantius to visit Paulinus, who brought him fifty shillings, for a token, from the Bishop. Paulinus, receiving the money, blessed God, saying: 'I thank thee, O Lord, that hast not forsaken them that seek Thee!' Of these fifty shillings, he gave two with his own hand to the presbyter that brought them, and the rest he delivered to Posthumianus, to pay for the clothes which were given to the poor.

The evening now drawing on, he remained quiet and well at ease until midnight: but the pain then increasing in his side, he was troubled with a great difficulty and shortness of breathing, which held him till five in the morning. The day beginning to break, he felt the usual motions of holiness awaking his spirit, to which, though weak, he cheerfully obeyed; and sitting up in his bed, celebrated Matins himself. By this time all the deacons and presbyters of his diocese were gathered together at his door, and came, like the sons of the Prophets, to see the translation of their aged father. After some short exhortations to holiness and Christian courage, he lifted up his hands and blessed them, mindful, it seems, of our Saviour's carriage at His Ascension, Whose peace he prayed might rest upon them.

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Shortly after, the pain still increasing and prevailing against him, he became speechless, and so continued until the evening, when suddenly sitting up as if he had been awaked out of his sleep, he perceived it to be the time of the Lucernarium, or evening-office, and lifting up his hands towards Heaven, he repeated with a low voice this verse out of the Psalms: 'Thy Word is a lantern unto my feet, and a light unto my paths[1].' About the fourth hour of the night, when all that were present sat diligently watching about him, his poor cottage[2] did suddenly shake with such a strong earthquake,

[1] Vaughan has used here the text of Ps. cxix. 105, but in Uranius the line which S. Paulinus chanted, stands: 'Paravi lucernam Christo meo'; which, of course, is Ps. cxxxii. 17, of the English Bible: 'I have ordained a lamp for mine Anointed.'

[2] It might seem that by 'cottage' Vaughan intended us to understand the mortal body of S. Paulinus. This figurative use occurs in several of the Carolian divines and poets. Waller's very fine lines about 'the soul's dark cottage' will recur to many; and a signal employment of the word occurs in a verse by that lost poet William Hammond, Sandys' nephew, 1655. 'He Who . . . unaskèd, pawns His Deity,'

'And even that cottage did to death engage
For three dayes, to redeeme our heritage.'

But the extract from S. Gregory, referred to in the text, confirms one in taking 'cottage' as a literal, not a symbolical, word. Dumque eius omnis domus in sua soliditate persisteret, cubiculum in quo iacebat aeger facto terrae motu contremuit. S. Greg. Dialog. Lib. III, cap. i, De Paulino Nolanae Urbis Episcopo. The 'strong earthquake' in the 'poor cottage' of S. Paulinus would therefore not mean only the shudder of his short death-

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that those who kneeled about his bed were something disordered with it, and fell all trembling to their prayers. The guests of eternal Glory were now entered under that narrow roof, where, after the abdication of his great worldly honours, he had lived so long in all holiness and humility. For in that instant of time, saith Uranius, he was dissolved, the blessed Angels testifying that they were present to conduct this happy and glorious soul into the joy of his Master. By the like sign did Christ signify to His Church in Jerusalem, that He heard their prayers, when they were persecuted by the merciless Jews. Gregory the Great, in the place before cited, makes express mention of this earthquake. And thus we see after what manner 'the righteous are taken away, though no man will lay it to his heart.'

Three days, saith Uranius, before John the Bishop of Naples departed out of this life, he affirmed that he saw Paulinus, all clothed with angelical brightness which shone like the stars, holding in his hand a kind of heavenly food in form like a honey-comb, but white as the light, and speaking to him: 'Brother John, what do you here? Pray that you may be dissolved, and come unto us, where we have enough of this provision which you see in my hand.' This pious Bishop did not long survive this vision; for the Sunday following, after he had ended his sermon and blessed the people,

agony. Vaughan's careful noting of all the clinical details in Uranius reminds us that he was a practising physician, as well as a poet.

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having the day before celebrated the Communion, and distributed to the poor, he fell sick and died in the Church. So that I may say of him he 'taught Bishops to die preaching, and preachers to die standing.'

Blessed Paulinus departed out of this life in the year of our Lord four hundred and thirty-one, in the seven and seventieth year of his age, upon the tenth of the kalends of July, which, according to our account, is the two and twentieth day of June. His body was carried from Nola to Rome, and decently interred in the Church of Saint Bartholomew, near the Apostle's own tomb: where they both lie expecting the Second Coming of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST: which of His great mercy I earnestly beseech Him to hasten, and to appear, Himself the only faithful Judge, and most just Determiner, of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood.

Gloria Tibi, mitissime Iesu[1].

[SAINT PAULINUS TO HIS WIFE THERASIA.[2]]

COME, my true consort in my joys and care!
Let this uncertain and still wasting share
Of our frail life be given to God. You see
How the swift days drive hence incessantly,

[1] Glory be to Thee, JESUS most meek.

[2] Ad Coniugem Suam Exhortatio. This poem has been reprinted once, in part, since 1654, and twice in full. An imperfect version of it was incorporated by the

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And the frail, drooping world, though still thought gay[1],
In secret slow consumption wears away.
All that we have pass from us, and, once past,
Return no more; like clouds, they seem to last,
And so delude loose greedy minds. But where
Are now those trim deceits? to what dark sphere
Are all those false fires sunk, which once so shined,
They captivated souls, and ruled mankind?
He that with fifty ploughs his lands did sow,
Will scarce be trusted for two oxen now;
His rich loud coach, known to each crowded street,
Is sold, and he, quite tired, walks on his feet.
Merchants that like the sun their voyage made
From East to West, and by wholesale did trade,
Are now turned sculler-men, or sadly sweat
In a poor fisher's boat, with line and net.
Kingdoms and cities to a period tend;
Earth nothing hath, but what must have an end;
Mankind by plagues, distempers, dearth and war,
Tortures and prisons, die both near and far;

Rev. H. F. Lyte in the Preface of his edition of Vaughan, 1847; since when it has always appeared in the successive reprints of that book. Dr. Grosart of course included it in his complete Vaughan, 1871, and Mr. E. K. Chambers in Vol. II. of the Muses Library edition of Vaughan, 1896. Habetur inter Prosperi carmina cui Rosveydus et alii adiudicant et Paulino tribuunt: a quibus dissentit Labbaeus, eorum tamen opinionem nullis refellens argumentis. Thus Muratorius. That Vaughan had no doubts of the authorship is proved by his interpolation of S. Therasia's name in the thirty-third line.

[1] The original has *gry*. [Chambers.]

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Fury and hate rage in each living breast,
Princes with Princes, States with States contest;
An universal discord mads each land;
Peace is quite lost; the last times are at hand.
But were these days from the Last Day secure,
So that the world might for more years endure,
Yet we like hirelings should our term expect,
And on our day of death each day reflect.
For what, Therasia, doth it us avail
That spacious streams shall flow and never fail,
That aged forests live[1] to tire the winds,
And flowers, each Spring, return and keep their kinds!
Those still remain: but all our fathers died,
And we ourselves but for few days abide.
This short time, then, was not given us in vain
(To whom Time dies, in which we, dying, gain),
But that, in time, Eternal Life should be
Our care, and endless rest our industry.
And yet this task, which the rebellious deem
Too harsh, who God's mild laws for chains esteem,
Suits with the meek and harmless heart so right
That 'tis all ease, all comfort and delight.
To love our God with all our strength and will;
To covet nothing; to devise no ill
Against our neighbours; to procure or do
Nothing to others, which we would not to

[1] 'Hie' in the original, and in the texts of Lyte, Grosart and Chambers. This must be a printer's error for 'live.' The original line is:—multa quod annosae vicerunt saecula silvae.

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Our very selves; not to revenge our wrong;
To be content with little; not to long
For wealth and greatness; to despise or jeer
No man, and if we be despised, to bear;
To feed the hungry; to hold fast our crown;
To take from others naught; to give our own;—
These are His precepts: and alas! in these
What is so hard, but Faith can do with ease?
He that the holy Prophets doth believe,
And on God's Words relies (Words that still live
And cannot die); that in his heart hath writ
His Saviour's Death and Triumph, and doth yet
With constant care, admitting no neglect,
His second, dreadful Coming still expect;—
To such a liver earthy things are dead;
With Heaven alone, and hopes of Heaven, he 's fed.
He is no vassal unto worldly trash,
Nor that black knowledge which pretends to wash,
But doth defile: a knowledge, by which men
With studied care lose Paradise again.
Commands and titles, the vain world's device,
With gold, the forward seed of sin and vice,
He never minds: his aim is far more high,
And stoops to nothing lower than the sky.
Nor grief, nor pleasures breed him any pain;
He nothing fears to lose, would nothing gain;
Whatever hath not God, he doth detest;
He lives to Christ, is dead to all the rest.
This Holy One, sent hither from above,
A Virgin brought forth, shadowed by the Dove:
His skin with stripes, with wicked hands His face,
And with foul spittle, soiled and beaten was;

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A Crown of Thorns His blessed Head did wound,
Nails pierced His hands and feet, and He, fast bound,
Stuck to the painful Cross, where hanged till dead,
With a cold spear His heart's dear blood was shed.
All this for man, for bad, ungrateful man,
The true God suffered! not that sufferings can
Add to His glory aught, Who can receive
Access from nothing, Whom none can bereave
Of His all-fullness: but the blest design
Of His sad Death was to save me from mine:
He, dying, bore my sins, and the Third Day
His early Rising rais'd me from the clay.
To such great mercies what shall I prefer,
Or who from loving God shall me deter?
Burn me alive; with curious skilful pain,
Cut up and search each warm and breathing vein;
When all is done, death brings a quick release,
And the poor mangled body sleeps in peace.
Hale me to prisons, shut me up in brass,
My still free soul from thence to God shall pass.
Banish or bind me, I can be nowhere
A stranger, nor alone: my God is there.
I fear not famine: how can he be said
To starve, who feeds upon the Living Bread?
And yet this courage springs not from my store:
Christ gave it me, Who can give much, much more.
I of myself can nothing dare or do;
He bids me fight, and makes me conquer too.
If, like great Abram, I should have command
To leave my father's house and native land,
I would with joy to unknown regions run,

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Bearing the banner of His blessed Son.
On worldly goods I will have no design,
But use my own, as if mine were not mine;
Wealth I'll not wonder at, nor greatness seek,
But choose, though laughed at, to be poor and meek.
In woe and wealth I'll keep the same staid mind:
Grief shall not break me, nor joys make me blind.
My dearest JESUS I'll still praise, and He
Shall with songs of deliverance compass me.

Then come, my faithful consort! join with me
In this good fight, and my true helper be.
Cheer me when sad, advise me when I stray;
Let us be each the other's guide and stay;
Be your lord's guardian: give joint aid and due,
Help him when fall'n, rise when he helpeth you,
That so we may not only one flesh be,
But in one spirit and one will agree.

†

THE END

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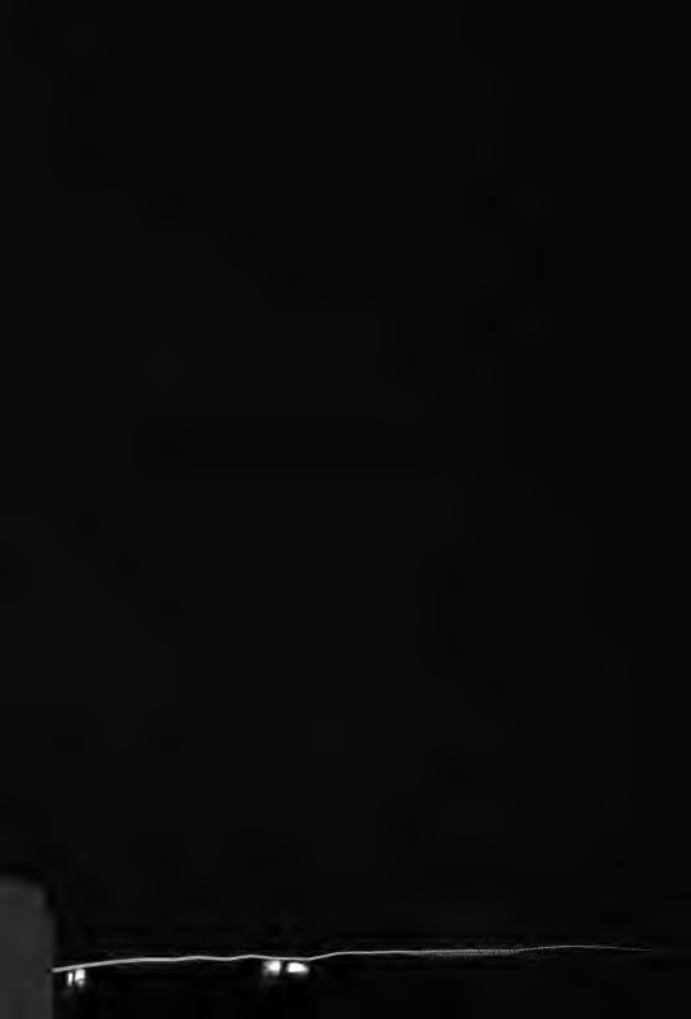

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